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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

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No. 893.] Postage, One Penny. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 29, 1907. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

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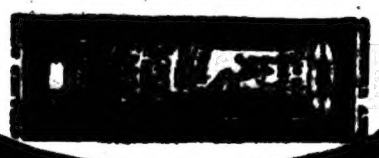

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Without question the purest, the cheapest, and the best money can buy.

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When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me, and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be Quickly and Thoroughly Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two [illegible] — J. J. LEIGH, [illegible] London, W.C. Over twenty years' [illegible].

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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT; call or forward by post; full value [illegible] made.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estd. 100 years.).

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LADIES.—GAUTIER'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS are, without doubt, the best remedy ever offered for female irregularities [illegible] obstructions. The numerous testimonials [illegible] testify to their merits. They are strong, safe [illegible] speedy. Price, 1/3 and 2/9; extra strong [illegible] 3 stamps.—Baldwin & Co., Chemists, Electric [illegible], Holloway, London. Ladies' guide to health [illegible].

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THE I.B.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value [illegible]. They afford relief in every instance—frequently [illegible] few hours. *Coated with Gold*, prepared [illegible] worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, [illegible] similar preparations. Prices post free [illegible] wrapper, 1/3; (treble quantity), 2/9. Direct [illegible] the I.B.S. Co., Dept. W., 145 Stockwell Road, [illegible].

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£11,333 9s. 4d.

ALREADY PAID TO WINNERS.

This week { **Ten winners get £112 7s. 7d. each.**
375 winners get £1 each.

ALTHOUGH the Limerick Competitions have been running for only eleven weeks in *Pearson's Weekly* we have distributed the record sum of £11,333 9s. 4d.—a bigger amount than any other paper.

The sum available for distribution this week is £1,498 15s. 10d. The ten competitors whose attempts have been selected by the adjudicators as the best of those received, get the sum of £112 7s. 7d. each, and £375 has been divided amongst the recipients of consolation gifts in sums of £1 each. The names and addresses of the latter appear below and on the third page of the red cover.

The unfinished Limerick which competitors were left to complete is as follows:

There was a sweet maiden called Kate,
Whom everyone thought so sedate,
Bet I blush to proclaim
When Bank Holiday came

The attempts finally selected by Mr. Clifton Bingham, together with the names and addresses of the senders, are as follows:

D. N. McNaughton, Hollybush, Ayrshire, N.B.
Well! Look at my camera plate!

H. L. Wilson, 115 Oak Street, Norwich.
The sea saw saucy Kate osculate.

Miss B. Clugston, 34 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.
She lured the sea-gulls with white bait.

Geo. T. Lodge, 9 Hoole Road, Chester, and
Mrs. Geo. T. Dunwoody, 5 Kerseland Drive, Strandtown, Belfast.
She assumed it was nineteen-nought-eight.

J. French, 20 Badlis Road, Walthamstow:
She could never decline "osculate."

Arthur McKinney, 28 Waring Street, Belfast.
A "tar" made her "tarry" out late.

Cyril Dunkley, Wednesfield, Wolverhampton.
The sea sighed to see side so great.

A. R. Hamilton, Seaforth Cottage, Serpentine Road, Tenby, and
J. M. Child, 17 Clarence Road, Derby.
What the sea saw's too saucy to state.

The writers of the successful last lines exhibited a considerable amount of ingenuity this week. What with the humorous situations suggested by the line "Well! look at my camera plate," and the clever reference to leap year in "She assumed it was nineteen-nought-eight," the skill displayed is certainly above the average. A further indication of this is the line "She lured the sea-gulls with white bait," which describes in a few well-chosen words her success in attracting the attention of the young men at the seaside with the dainty frills on her white dress. Quite a number of competitors sent lines which contain a play on the words "Sea saw" and "Saw see" or "Saucy," but none equalled in merit those selected by Mr. Clifton Bingham.

At last from the House I can go.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Member" in the top left-hand corner. Closing date, Thursday, August 29th.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co." All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent. for expenses) three-fourths will be divided amongst the ten competitors whose attempts are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration, and one-fourth will be awarded in consolation gifts of £1 each.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON,

the well-known author, who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or destruction of any attempt submitted.

ENTRY FORM. LIMERICK No. 14.

Said a member: "I'm happy to know
That at last from the House I can go.
Though this endless debate
May be good for the State,
_____
_____

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

LIST OF 375 WINNERS OF CONSOLATION GIFTS.

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D. G. Anderson, 80 Oswald Street, Glasgow.
J. Andrew, 9 St. John's Road, Cathcart, N.B.
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D. Armstrong, 82 High Street, Skipton, Yorks.
O. S. Ashton, 38 Davey Road, Perry Barr, B'ham.
A. C. Axtell, Bryn-y-bia Road, Llandudno.
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C. J. Howell, The Workhouse, Burnley, Lancs.
C. E. Hunt, 21 Lecine Street, Torquay.
W. G. Hodge, 17 Rectory Road, Barnes, S.W.
D. C. Ingle, North Court, Bishop's Sutton, Alresford
H. Ingram, Devonshire Club, Eastbourne.
Miss Jermyn-Hope, 34 Lansdowne Road, Bedford.
W. Johnson, 11 Fernham Road, Thornton Heath.
E. G. Joseph, 2 Lochrin Place, Edinburgh.
W. Johnston, 123 Napier Street, Gorton, Manchester
Miss M. James, 4 Beckenham Grove, Shortlands.
C. Johnson, The Close, Salisbury.

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

No. 893. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 29, 1907. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

By a Scottish Contributor.

Dr. Emil Reich, the eminent German lecturer and Platonist, has been exercising his merry wit at the expense of the English breakfast, and none too soon.

Of course, Dr. Reich's explanation that the English housewife purposely makes breakfast the revolting meal, in order to drive her menfolk out of the house as quickly as possible, is a humorous exaggeration; but, none the less, the English breakfast is a gastronomic horror, a disgrace to a civilised people, and a source of mingled disgust and astonishment to all Scotsmen.

For in Scotland they understand the art of breakfasting wisely and well, and of all the good things the Scot misses when he comes South to "run" the Saxon's country for him, there is none he misses so keenly as the appetising and nourishing breakfasts of his native land.

Eggs and bacon, bloaters, kippers, and sausages, that is the extent of the average Englishman's breakfast menu, year in, year out. Yet the base Saxon has the effrontery to say that Scotsmen live on oatmeal and herrings, when, as a matter of fact, the Scottish working man has a better and far more varied breakfast table than the average Englishman of the middle classes, who, five days out of the seven, breakfasts on leathery bacon and eggs.

Here are some of the breakfast dishes common in Scottish households, but which never seem to have ever been heard of in England.

UNKNOWN TO ENGLISH HOUSEWIVES.

First of all, there is kedgeree, a most excellent mixture of fish, rice, and eggs. Rice, indeed, bulks largely at Scottish breakfast tables, for the sound reason that it is one of the most digestible of foods, and we get rice again in curried lentils and rice, a most wholesome dish, but so far as I can discover quite unknown to English housewives. Then, instead of the monotonous bloater or kipper, the Scot gets his fish done in all sorts of tasty ways, fish balls and cakes, for example, and eggs are rendered more appetising by being anchovied, curried, or scrambled on anchovy toast. Amongst summer dishes I cherish memories of the meat shapes we boys used to call "shivers," and although the Scot eats less meat than the Englishman, breakfast was often varied by the introduction of rissoles.

But it is perhaps in the concomitants of the main foods that the Scot scores most heavily. The Englishman has his bread, toast, and possibly rolls, the last-named, as a rule, hard, crusty abominations. The Scot revels in baps, a most succulent kind of roll, scones, oatcakes, and rusks. Also at a Scottish breakfast table you will always find salt butter as well as fresh, the former to many people being far more appetising in the morning than the latter. Moreover, the Scot's breakfast table presents a far larger choice of jams and preserves than the Southerner's, for the Scot knows the value of jam as a breakfast food.

SCOTTISH COOKS FOR PORRIDGE.

Porridge I have not mentioned, because in many Scottish households it is eaten an hour or so before the regular meal, for although very satisfying at the time, it is so quickly digested that one soon becomes hungry again after it. For another thing, unless an Englishman has a Scottish cook, he can never get porridge properly made, and so it is little use recommending it to him.

But the other things I have mentioned, the kedgeree, the lentils, the rice, the varieties of fish, eggs, and meat, are well within the reach of almost any householder. And yet the Englishman of even affluent position goes on eating his eggs and bacon year in or year out.

It is really very puzzling, and in all seriousness I believe that one reason why Scotsmen get on is the excellence and variety of their breakfasts. The Scot owes to it that the morning meal is composed of the most digestible, nourishing, and sustaining foods, and goes to his work refreshed and invigorated. The Saxon crams his often ill-cooked and generally unappetising food down his throat as a sort of melancholy duty, and sets out for the day ill-fed and in no way prepared for arduous work.

Why is it? It is certainly not a question of money, for the Scot spends less on food than the Englishman. Yet the poorest Scottish breakfast table is better provided and far more varied than that of many an English suburban villa.

So far as breakfast goes, the Englishman is the worst-fed man in Britain, but nobody seems to be able to tell me why.

LIGHTNING HOLIDAYS.

A Reply. By A FLASHER.

I have been asked to write a reply to the article on "Lightning Holidays," which appeared in the last number of *Pearson's Weekly*, bearing the appropriate signature of "A Curmudgeon." After reading the author's remarks carefully I have come to the conclusion that the only point on which I agree with him is in his choice of a *nom-de-plume*.

He sets out to condemn the whole idea of short week-end trips and flying excursions as a form of madness from which no one can derive any pleasure or profit. He draws harrowing pictures of worn-out sight-seers tearing about with pallid cheeks and hungry eyes, feverishly endeavouring to cram three weeks' enjoyment into three days. The result, he declares, is that they return to their respective offices mere "bilious wrecks," shattered in nerve and broken in health.

After this startling indictment he proceeds to sketch out what he considers to be the ideal method of spending a few days' freedom. "The sensible holiday-maker," he writes, "must get up late, eat his meals slowly, lie out in the sun, or, if the weather does not permit, browse before a fire in a comfortable arm-chair."

We are not told what he is to "browse" upon, but I should imagine thistles would be the most appropriate diet.

The whole secret of a holiday is change—change of environment, change of society, change of food—in fact, change complete and absolute. For the man who has been boxed up in an office day after day and week after week, always seeing the same people and always doing the same more or less monotonous work, these week-end trips and cheap excursions are exactly the right thing.

It is not only on the ground of health, however, that these flying visits to the Continent have become so popular. Any man with a spark of imagination or enterprise is naturally interested in the lives and customs of other countries. In all probability he can neither afford the time nor the money for long tours or indefinite residence abroad; his only opportunity of acquiring a little knowledge and experience being these well-arranged if somewhat hurried visits.

It is all very well for superior persons with large incomes and still larger leisure to sneer at him as "a cheap tripper," but, after all, when they go abroad they are animated by exactly the same motives, though they may be able to carry out their purpose a little more comfortably.

The man who has the sense and energy to make such admirable use of his scanty leisure is not likely to be allured by the suggestion that he could spend his time more profitably by lying in the sun or browsing in front of the fire. He would probably retort that such an occupation strikes him as an ideal one for a dog or a cat, but slightly out of place for an intelligent and healthy human being.

As for the assertion that he will return a frail and nerveless shadow from having spent two or three crowded and exciting days—well, the idea is sufficiently absurd to make an ordinary Englishman laugh out loud. Does "A Curmudgeon" really imagine that we are such a set of neurotic weaklings that a week-end in Paris or a hasty scamper through Switzerland is sufficient to prostrate us for the next fortnight?

If someone is bound to return "a bilious wreck," it seems to me far more probable that it will be the man who has been unhealthily browsing over the fire at home rather than the man who has been whirling through a fascinating panorama of changing sights and scenes. "A Curmudgeon's" article appears to have been written for shattered invalids whose ideal place for a holiday would be an open-air hospital.

As for the fact that a week-end excursion, especially abroad, must necessarily be of a rather hurried nature—well, that is by no means entirely a disadvantage. If one is fully occupied in taking in new sights and storing up pleasant and interesting impressions, one has no time to worry over the small inconveniences that sometimes go far to spoil a more leisurely holiday. Besides, so admirable are the arrangements of the big touring agencies like Cook's, that there is very little hurry in the disagreeable sense of the word. The trains, the steamers, and the brakes do the hurrying; all the traveller has to do is to sit still and enjoy himself.

In conclusion, one may urge that the chief charm of travelling lies in one's first impressions. People who live in Venice, for instance, look on the Grand Canal much as Londoners regard the Strand or Regent Street. It is only when it dawns on one's view for the first time, either in all its morning glory of blue and gold, or splashed with silver by the magic of the moon, that one is able to appreciate its full beauty and charm.

These pleasures are for "the cheap tripper" just as much as for his wealthiest and most supercilious critic. Wherever he goes he will find a rich reward for his wisdom and his enterprise.

Why Morocco Seethes

The Story of a Troubled State.

For some time past the attention of the world has been fixed upon Morocco. The troubles which culminated a few days ago amidst the blood-stained ruins of Casa Blanca are of no recent growth. To discover their origin we must look far back into the history of Maghreb-el-Akse, as the afflicted kingdom of Morocco is called by its inhabitants.

Ever since the Arabs invaded and conquered it after the fall of the Roman Empire, Morocco has been the most fiercely Mohammedan country in history. The Moors hate the Christians with a savage and undying hatred.

At the present moment Morocco is probably the worst-governed country in the world. The Sultan, nominally supposed to be an autocrat, is practically powerless. Owing to his fondness for European toys and luxuries, he is disliked and mistrusted by the whole country. But for the fact that Sir Harry Maclean, originally a subaltern in the British Army, has organised a small but fairly well-equipped army, the Sultan would long ago have been murdered.

There is no law and no justice in Morocco, except such as is bought and sold. All offices are purchased. No salaries are attached, the holders being supposed to recoup themselves by plunder and oppression.

Yet, notwithstanding this state of affairs, the Moors, down to the lowest peasant, bitterly resent any attempt at European interference.

A MYTHICAL POLICE FORCE.

Owing to the fact, however, that Algeria is now controlled by France, the internal state of such a near neighbour as Morocco is naturally a matter of supreme importance to our friends across the Channel. With the Sultan more or less helpless in his capital, a powerful pretender harrying the country, and that accomplished brigand Raisuli carrying off every stray European he could lay his hands on, and holding them to ransom, the French statesmen some time ago came to the conclusion that it was necessary for them to step in and put a stop to this state of anarchy. Our own Government offered no objection, but Germany objected.

The result was the Algeciras Conference.

At this international debate it was decided that a police force of between 2,000 and 2,500 should be at once raised amongst the Moorish population to restore order. It was to be controlled by French and Spanish officers, and to prevent jealousy the whole force was to be under the command of a Swiss Inspector-General. This farcical proposal met with the fate which it deserved. With the whole population hating the sight of "the infidels," it was scarcely likely that they would bind themselves together to fight against their own people for the benefit of the latter. European Statesmen soon found out that, although you can take a Moor into your confidence, you cannot make him enlist. The Swiss Government duly appointed a gallant gentleman of the name of Colonel Müller as Inspector-General, but he thereupon found himself in the trying position of having nothing to inspect.

CASA BLANCA AND AFTER.

Such was the state of affairs when, a few weeks ago, Raisuli wrote to the Sultan suggesting that they should arrange their various differences. The Sultan thereupon sent Kaid Maclean to come to terms with the famous outlaw. In the interval, however, Raisuli learned (either correctly or incorrectly) that the Sultan intended treachery, and on the arrival of the Kaid seized him and held him as a hostage.

This daring act at once roused the country into an uproar. The last remnant of the Sultan's authority vanished.

Matters came to a head first in Casa Blanca, a small town on the West Coast mid-way between Rabat and Mazagan. On July 30th, a number of tribesmen, probably inspired to action by the notorious sorcerer, Ma-el-Simin, entered the town and demanded that the building operations on the French Harbour Works and Customs House should be at once suspended. Their request being refused, they amused themselves by murdering as many of the unfortunate workmen as they could lay hands upon. Five days later the French and Spanish guns bombarded Casa Blanca.

As to what will be the end of the present trouble it is difficult to say. Germany, who is directly responsible for the recent bloodshed, will no doubt prevent France from taking any definite steps to control the country. In consequence, Morocco, like Armenia and Macedonia, will probably continue to drag along in its present condition, torn by inward dissension and a menace to the peace of Europe.

The difficulty of reducing their weight is keenly felt by many women at the present time. There is an excellent article, illustrated, and giving explicit instructions, in the September ROYAL MAGAZINE.

"BLURRED LIGHTS."—NO. II. (Concluded.) NEW SERIES.

THE RATCLIFF HIGHWAY TRAGEDIES

By DICK DONOVAN.

Last week "Dick Donovan" told of the terrible murder of the Marr family in Ratcliff Highway and how the murderer escaped. Then of a second tragedy, this time at the publichouse of a respectable man named Williamson. Closing time had arrived, the lodger, a journeyman, had gone to bed, Williamson, his wife, and servant were still downstairs. Suddenly the lodger hears unusual noises downstairs. He slips out of bed and goes to the head of the stairs. Then on his startled ears falls the agonised cry: "Merciful Heavens, we shall all be murdered." Creeping downstairs, the journeyman sees a truly terrible sight; two battered corpses are lying on the parlour floor, and though he cannot see him, the journeyman hears the murderer trying to open an escritoire where large sums of money are kept.

A GLIMPSE OF THE MURDERER.

STANDING there, almost turned to stone, and fascinated with a horror that would not allow him to move, the journeyman saw the two corpses distinctly; they were the bodies of Mrs. Williamson and the housemaid, and in his numbed brain arose the question, "Where is Williamson?" He, surely, must be dead or he would never remain silent under such circumstances.

As a matter of fact, he was lying battered and bleeding in his cellar, whither he had gone to draw some stout. Of course, the journeyman did not know that such was the case, but he explained subsequently that, half paralysed with horror as he was, and numbed with a sense of fear that glued him to the spot, he nevertheless retained a certain clearness of thought, and he *felt* that Williamson was dead.

Presently the murderer, in moving about the room, came within range of the watcher's vision, but he was too much absorbed in his work of searching for money to think of anything else. The space between himself and the frozen watcher on the stairs was less than sixteen feet, and, had his horrible eyes glanced towards the stairs, the young journeyman's life would not have been worth a single minute's purchase.

It is proverbial of criminals that sooner or later they betray themselves by some act of carelessness or forgetfulness, and this wholesale butcher of Ratcliff Highway forgot the possibility of his being seen. He had evidently butchered the housemaid while she was in the act of blackleading the stove, for a blacklead brush was in her dead hand, and the blacklead pot was on the fender. Her exclamation, "Merciful Heavens, we shall all be murdered," no doubt burst from her as she turned, startled by some sound, and beheld the hideous ghoul, whose lust for human blood seemed insatiable. Her mistress, entering the room, possibly attracted by the cry, was felled on the spot.

How Williamson came to be lying dead in the cellar was made clear subsequently by the light of circumstantial evidence.

CREPT UP THE CREAKING STAIRS.

Having dispatched his three victims, the demon murderer either did not know or forgot that the granddaughter and the journeyman were upstairs. To one who took as much trouble as he did to do his work thoroughly with an eye for minute details, this oversight was remarkable, for, notwithstanding that the journeyman was rooted to the spot, he was able to note certain things which were of great use in bringing the human brute to his doom.

As I have elsewhere stated, to conceive a situation of such dramatic intensity as this would tax the ingenuity of the cleverest romancer. It was melodrama in real life, and the annals of crime would have to be searched very closely indeed for anything approaching a parallel. It was a climax of horror such as few men have ever experienced and lived.

It was soon made clear to the fascinated watcher that the murderer had failed to secure the right keys; for, despite the pool of blood on the floor, he knelt down and rifled the pockets of the landlady, and in drawing from her pocket several articles, including a bunch of keys, he let the latter fall upon the floor; they fell with "a crash," with a sound so intensified in that silence of death, that every nerve in the journeyman's body seemed smitten, and his heart "leapt upwards." The murderer snatched the keys up dripping with blood, and disappeared into the half of the room which was hidden from the watcher's gaze by the position of the door.

But he had revealed himself long enough for his wolfish eyes, his "whitish-green face," and his dress, his height, and his yellow hair to be noted. There was another detail that the silent witness made a mental note of; the monster wore a new pair of shoes that creaked as he moved about.

When the criminal had disappeared, the journeyman was released from the hideous spell which had kept him standing at the foot of the stairs for an infinity of time, as it seemed, and his sole desire then was to escape; but the only way that offered itself was to retrace his steps up the creaking stairs, and attempt flight by way of an upper window, and by spreading an alarm save the grandchild, who was a great favourite of his.

His first impulse was to remove her from her bed and carry her up to his own room; but now that his brain was working actively again, a second thought convinced him of the danger of that. A little child suddenly startled out of sleep would probably scream, and that scream would cost both of them their lives.

TORE THE SHEETS INTO STRIPS.

He paused for an instant at her door. She was sleeping soundly, and was blissfully ignorant of the ghastly tragedy that was being enacted. He hurried to his own room, and, with a strength begotten of fear, dragged the heavy bedstead to the door, so as to form a barricade.

He gently raised his window, which faced the street. He could see nothing, for a dense pall of yellow fog rolling up the river blotted out everything. The distance from the ground was nearly thirty feet. To have called for help would have been hopeless. Passers-by would not see him, and would not understand the meaning of the cry, which would defeat its own purpose, for it would bring the butcher upon him. He therefore tore the sheets and blankets into strips, tied the strips one to the other, then twisted the extemporised rope, and knotted it to make it capable of sustaining his weight.

At this stage he was confronted with a new difficulty. It was necessary that one end of his rope should be made secure to something of sufficient strength to bear the strain that would be imposed upon it as soon as he launched himself into space. The feeble light of his candle revealed nothing, and he began to despair.

To drag the bed to the window would leave the murderer free to enter by the doorway; but fate assisted this young man who was making such a bold bid for his own life and the life of the dear child lying so calmly asleep in the room below. As he held the candle above his head in search for something, his eyes alighted on a large hook fixed in the tester of the bed. He had slept in that bed hundreds of times, and had never seen the hook before. Its object probably had been to support a rod for curtains. Anyway, there was the hook; but its distance from the window would take from the length of the rope, which, as it was, was too short to reach the pavement.

There was no alternative, therefore, but to unplait part of the rope, make two strips out of one, and knot it all up again. This he did with a rapidity which astonished himself. He calculated that the whole of his preparations occupied no more than six or seven minutes.

THE MURDERER WAS COMING.

He was still in his nightshirt only, for he had been unable to give a thought to his clothes, and, though it was a bitter winter night, a profuse perspiration broke out from his body; his throat was parched with thirst, his tongue seemed too large for his mouth. Before trusting himself to the peril of the descent, he hung with all his weight on the hook, and it stood the test.

Suddenly there fell upon the young man's ears a sound that almost froze him into stoniness again. The stairs were creaking. The murderer was coming up. He must of necessity reach the child's bedroom first, and would continue his hellish work there. The thought of the child's danger nerved the journeyman to action again. So far circumstances had favoured him, but now it was a question of seconds if the child's life was to be saved.

To pause or hesitate would mean the sealing of her doom and his own. All depended upon his activity. He had already gone through an ordeal which had tested every fibre of his being, and now he had another ordeal to face, for the icy breath of death seemed to be already chilling him.

THREE YARDS TOO SHORT.

He flung his rope out of the window; he clambered on to the sill, barefooted and barelegged as he was, he glanced down into the black depths; not a light could be seen. The fog hid everything, but a confused murmur floated upward and gave him hope; it was the murmur of tramping feet and human voices. Gripping his rope, he began to slide down. The knots prevented a too rapid descent, but he swung against the brickwork, lacerating his legs, feet, and knuckles. He reached the last knot, and found to his horror that he was still far from the ground, three yards, at least, as he judged.

There he hung for seconds, it seemed to him like hours. At last his white shirt attracted the attention of a passer-by. There were still many persons in the street, and several saw him almost at the same time. Instantly there was a little crowd underneath the man dangling at the end of a rope. Such an unusual sight at once engendered the thought in the minds of those who saw it that some extraordinary incident was responsible for it, so a shout went up:

"Drop, drop, we'll catch you." On to their outstretched arms the journeyman fell, and though he slipped to the ground he was not hurt; but now that his long agony and awful ordeal were over, the strength left him, and he could only gasp by way of explanation:

POKERS, SHOVELS, CHOPPERS, AND KNIVES.

"The—murderer—of—the Marrs—is in there; killing, killing." With that utterance he swooned away, but the announcement he made was sufficient. It was full of terrible import, and, as if by some subtle magic, it communicated itself to a multitude of people. "Marrs' Murderers." Only twelve days ago the Marr family had been exterminated, and a vast concourse of people had less than a week ago followed the victims to the tomb. Yet within biscuit-throw of the scene of that tragedy the monster was again at work. And through the fog to the hidden heavens rose a roar of anger that shook the neighbourhood like a tempest. Windows were hastily raised, and night-capped heads thrust forth.

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"Marrs' murderer, Marrs' murderer."

Then the people poured from their houses, armed with whatever first came to hand in the shape of a weapon. Pokers, shovels, tongs, frying pans, saucepans, sticks, choppers, knives, and, in one or two instances, swords. One man who had been confined to bed for a long time suffering from consumption caught the fever of excitement, sprang up, and, armed with a sword, joined in the hunt, though it cost him his life. Every few seconds served to swell the mob with additions; crowbars were produced from somewhere, the door of the Williamsons' house was quickly splintered to matchwood, and, with a yell of fury, the mob streamed in and got wedged in the passage. Then a man of strong voice and commanding presence constituted himself a leader.

"For God's sake, people, be silent for a minute," he cried.

There was silence instantly, and in the few seconds that passed sounds were heard coming from upstairs, which were too significant to be misunderstood. The murderer was trapped in an upstairs room. He was barricading himself in. The wonder was that the ancient stairs stood the unusual strain put upon them, as the hunters rushed up them; as it was, the bannisters gave way, and three or four persons were injured.

A CRASH THROUGH THE WINDOW.

They reached the door of the room. They couldn't open it, and it was splintered to pieces as the front door had been. Then there was a sound of crashing glass, and when the crowd swarmed into the chamber they found the window frame and glass shivered to pieces. The hunted one, reeking with blood and frenzied with fear, had taken a flying leap in a despairing bid for his worthless life.

This window was at the back of the house. The ground was clay sloping up to an embankment. Lights were soon forthcoming, and the murderer's footsteps were traced for a little distance, then lost, and the dense fog had befriended him. The quarry was lost, the hunters baffled.

The horrible sight that met the eyes of those who searched the house need not be described; but, happily, the innocent child was found sitting up in bed, dumb with fear, as well she might be with such an uproar going on; but kindly hands wrapped her in blankets and carried her to a neighbour's house, where she was well cared for.

In the cellar the grey-haired grandfather was discovered. His head had been beaten to pulp on the top of the steps, then he had been hurled down, and his legs were broken by the fall. As he lay at the foot of the steps the murderer had descended, and

Is there any other paper which gives such a large number of limerick prizes and also such big prizes as PEARSON'S WEEKLY? No; everyone knows that as in other things, so in this, "P.W." holds the record.

gashed his throat from ear to ear. In every case he had cut his victim's throat.

Now arose the question, who was the murderer?

This fresh series of crimes—crimes so ghastly and unusual that they seemed to be the work of a malignant fiend rather than a human man—thrilled London with horror, and an unreasoning anger was expressed in no uncertain voice against the authorities. Then it was that a secret was revealed, which the police had so far carefully guarded. After the murder of the Marrs, they had found on the premises a ship carpenter's wooden mallet, blood-stained and with human hairs adhering to it. This they had taken possession of, and had been trying to trace its owner. Deep cut into the head of the mallet were the initials J. P. Now, the officials, after the extermination of the Williamsons, made their find known through the medium of the newspapers, and by means of placards posted all over the Metropolis.

THE CLUE OF THE MALLET.

This brought to light the fact that within about half a mile of the Marrs' house was a public-house, where, in a large dormitory, lodgers were accommodated; mostly sailors they were, and various nationalities were represented. In this house had lodged a man, a sailor man, who was known as Williams.

He had slept in the dormitory, and had incurred the ill-will of the other occupants by his moroseness and dictatorial manner. It appeared that after the murder of the Marrs there had been some suspicion that Williams might have committed the crime, but everyone was afraid to speak lest he might be wrong. But now that mallet and the description furnished by the journeyman left no further room for doubt, and it was made known that a much-respected Norwegian ship carpenter, who had been employed in a Thames dockyard, had gone on a temporary visit to his native country, but he had left behind in charge of the innkeeper his chest of tools, which included the mallet, and his chest had been stored in a garret pending his return. The chest was examined, the stock of tools was complete with the exception of a mallet, and all the other wooden tools were marked J. P.

Then another curious fact came to light. The doctors who examined all the corpses declared that the throats had not been cut with a razor, and it was remembered in the inn that Williams had borrowed from another lodger a large French knife of peculiar construction. Williams had a sea chest at the inn, and this was searched, with the result that a waistcoat was found stiff with blood, and in one of the large pockets peculiar to waistcoats of the period the French knife was concealed, and it bore dreadful evidence of the fearful purpose for which it had been used in the dried blood with which it was covered.

Now, the most extraordinary thing is that Williams had actually had the temerity to return to the inn, and it was noted that he was wearing a pair of new shoes that creaked. It will be remembered that these creaking shoes had arrested the attention of the young man who had stood on the stairs of the Williamsons' house and watched the murderer.

The suspected man was at once arrested. This was on the day after the Williamsons' affair, and he was almost immediately examined. He preserved a sullen demeanour throughout the ordeal, and refused to answer any questions. He was brought up again on the Saturday at the Thames Police Court, and so powerful was the circumstantial evidence against him, that no sane man could have doubted that the human beast who had murdered seven persons, including an infant, with such devilish brutality had been at last caged. At the close of the day's proceedings the magistrates committed him for trial at the next sessions.

BURIED AT THE CROSS ROADS.

On his way to gaol the mob endeavoured to lynch him, but, in anticipation of this, an unusually powerful escort had been provided, and he was safely lodged in a cell. The gaol was strong enough to secure such a brute even as Williams, but the discipline and regulations were lax. The prisoners were shut up in the cells without any light, and were not visited during the night. Williams was shut up at about six o'clock on a dark winter's night and there left without further attention.

At seven o'clock on Sunday morning a gaoler unlocked the door, only to discover that the prisoner had escaped the law's vengeance. From the wall of one side of the cell an iron rod projected, its use being to hang a lamp on. By means of the iron rod and his braces this monster of iniquity had strangled out his own awful life. Fearful of man's vengeance he had sent his crime-stained soul into the presence of his God.

An inquest, of course, followed, and a verdict of *felo de se* was returned, and it was ordered that the criminal's body should be carried on an open truck through the Metropolis, and finally buried at four cross roads near the scene of his crimes, and a stake be driven through his heart.

The body was followed by enormous crowds, and every indignity imaginable was heaped upon it. But for the armed guards it would have been hacked into mincemeat, as it was it was battered with stones and covered with the filth of the gutters.

Finally, at midnight, by the weird light of flickering torches, a hole was dug at four cross roads, into this the naked body was pitched, and a long stake of lancewood was driven right through his heart. Then a cart-load of lime was shot in, the earth replaced, and rammed down with iron rammers.

And in this dishonoured grave one of the most remarkable criminals the world has ever known would moulder until the Judgment Day.

Subsequent events that were brought to light left little room to doubt that Williams and Marr had been shipmates, and rivals for the hand of the same young woman. That would account for his hatred of the Marr family. In the case of the Williamsons the brute had desired to possess himself of the publican's reputed wealth. Had he not overlooked the lodger, and had he displayed a little more caution, it is highly probable he might have escaped detection and got out of the country. Fate decreed, however, that he should meet his doom.

(*Next week—"The Story of 'Jim the Penman.'"*)

Mrs. Newlyriche: "Well, of all the impudence!"

Mr. Newlyriche: "What is it, Hannah?"

Mrs. Newlyriche: "Them poor first cousins of yours have gone and got themselves the same identical ancestors that you've got!"

Chemist's Assistant: "Good gracious! I have kept that woman waiting half an hour. I forgot all about her prescription."

Chemist: "You will have to charge her a good, tall price in order to make her think you had a lot of trouble in mixing it up."

THE QUEEN AND THE F.A.F.

The Queen has sent a cheque to the Fresh Air Fund.

This gracious gift bears further witness to the fact which has been constantly and abundantly evident, that there is no object nearer the Queen's heart than the welfare of the children of this Empire.

Those who have the privilege of her Majesty's confidence must be often reminded that nothing gives her greater pleasure than to give pleasure to the children of her friends and dependants. But her Majesty's sympathy reaches far more widely than this.

The needs, the requirements, the sufferings, the privations, the possibilities which attach to the great subject of child life in the poor quarters of London and the great cities of Britain form a theme which receives her unwearying attention and constant help.

No detail affecting this matter of suffering helplessness is too slight. No trouble is too considerable when her Majesty's sympathy is invoked. The well-wishers of the F.A.F. will rejoice heartily and unaffectedly in the good news of the Queen's contribution to its funds, and will be rightly persuaded that this gift will induce many others to help—as far as in them lies—in the kindly work of bringing a ray of happiness into lives which too often seem to have cloud and unhappiness for their birthright.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. Every penny subscribed goes to the children in food or fare. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Limited, the "Daily Express" Limited, the Standard Newspapers Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

"Oh, yes, Miss Birdling is a cultivated singer, but she will never pass for a great artiste, you know."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because she can sing in nothing but English."

"Oh, dear! Is that so?"

"Yes, and it is abominably good English, too. You can understand every word she says."

THE . . . FOUNDED 1871.

OCEAN Accident & Guarantee Corporation Limited.

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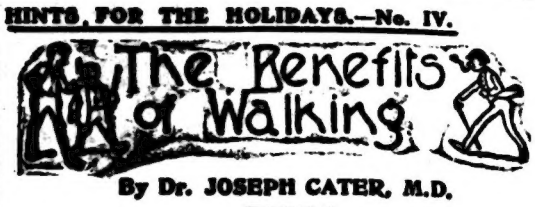
RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—No. IV.



By Dr. JOSEPH CATER, M.D.

Walking calls forth an amount of energy far beyond what is generally supposed, and therefore it ranks as one of the best forms of physical exercise. As a spell in the open air, amidst ever-changing scenery, walking contrasts favourably with the exercises common to a stuffy gymnasium. Moreover, walking demands an extra effort on the part of the very organs which contribute more than all the rest to the enjoyment of life.

If every person under sixty (children excluded) walked six miles a day their health would feel the benefit. Such a walk should never occasion unnecessary fatigue.

Now, as to the actual benefits that walking effects, and the peculiar advantage to which the exercise gives rise. In the first place, the temperature of the body is sufficiently raised to cause a more rapid interchange in the contractile tissues. This means that, by these quickened changes, the muscles are more abundantly supplied with nutriment from the blood, and their waste products by various channels more quickly dispersed.

SHARPENS THE APPETITE.

Then, with regard to respiration, this, of course, is accelerated, and breathing becomes much deeper. Consequently, a larger volume of oxygen is absorbed by the blood, and oxygen, it will be remembered, is of far more importance than our daily food.

Next we look to the skin; the millions of pores being widely opened, the increased perspiration carries out of the body a larger quantity of effete matter than would otherwise escape. Digestion, also, is so markedly improved by walking that the appetite is sharpened for a subsequent meal, and the food is taken with a keener relish.

Then, as everybody knows, the circulation of the blood is accelerated, so that every nook and corner of the body receives an extra quantity of nutriment. Lastly, the organs of excretion are stimulated by walking, so that a larger quantity of refuse is eliminated by the natural channels. The few facts thus briefly enumerated should of themselves suffice to encourage the practice of walking. But more has yet to be claimed in favour of this admirable exercise.

In addition to what has already been stated respecting respiration, still further benefits accrue from the more perfect breathing of walking exercise.

The chest is separated from the abdomen by means of the diaphragm, which occupies much the position of a ceiling and floor between an upper and lower chamber. Above the diaphragm are the lungs which partially rest upon the structure, while immediately below it are the stomach, liver, and spleen. The diaphragm, being an elastic membrane, is pressed downwards as the lungs are fully inflated with air. This downward movement brings pressure to bear on the organs below, hence they are constantly submitted to a species of massage.

A GAIN IN OXYGEN.

Treatment of this nature is highly beneficial all round, but it is especially so with regard to the liver; consequently, we find that persons accustomed to regular walking-exercises rarely need to complain of "a torpid liver." And then, beyond all this, the more complete inflation of the lungs due to walking occasions a more perfect supply of gaseous food. The actual gain of oxygen, and the increased dispersion of carbonic acid, are very nearly doubled by the exercise.

Moreover, seeing that walking is physical exertion in the open air, it secures an important advantage over all forms of indoor exercises. One can imagine what must be the effect produced by increased respirations in a vitiated atmosphere. Even in one's own room the impurities of the air are considerable; but within the confines of a gymnasium, containing emanations from a score or more athletes, the impurities must be enormously increased.

Under such circumstances, instead of doubling the amount of oxygen inhaled, we would take in more carbonic acid, breathing a second-hand air again and again.

On the contrary, by taking our exercise out of doors, the expired and foul air is carried off by the atmosphere instead of re-entering our lungs and poisoning the blood.

The summer holiday affords an excellent opportunity for commencing, or starting afresh, the daily practice of this health-giving exercise. More than half the benefits of an annual outing are lost by resuming the former indolent habits.

The temptation to lazy lounging is often very powerful. A three-volume novel and a shaded seat on the beach are not things to be despised, but they are not entitled to occupy the entire day. Walking should come in somewhere.

Little Vera le Fleming, aged six years, is a wonderful mimic, and poses for photos as Miss Camille Clifford, Miss Edna May, Miss Gertie Miller, and others, in the September ROYAL MAGAZINE. Now on sale.

By Arnold Golsworthy.

As Mr. Chorley reached his garden gate on his return from the office one Saturday afternoon, he saw a couple of large moving vans coming up the road. He hurried indoors to break the news to Mrs. Chorley that the people who had taken the house next door were just going to move in.

Mrs. Chorley said that the news didn't interest her as she was not one to pry into her neighbours' business. And then she remembered that it was time the front bedroom curtains were taken down as they hadn't been washed since yesterday.

Presently, Mr. Chorley, who was trying to mend the lock on the bathroom door with a penknife and a pair of nail-scissors, heard his wife's voice calling.

"Henry, do come—just a minute."

Mr. Chorley went and found his wife's face positively glued to the window-pane. In her excitement she had quite forgotten to take down the curtains, but was hiding behind them instead.

"You never saw such a lovely drawing-room suite, Henry," she said. "Real Chippendale, I'm sure. Ours looks quite shabby beside it."

"Ah," said Mr. Chorley. "Very likely. Theirs'll

Mr. Chorley lent him the best plated teapot and half a dozen spoons.

look shabby when they've been married as long as we have. Young couple just beginning housekeeping, no doubt."

Mrs. Chorley didn't seem to be listening.

"Just look at that sideboard that's going in, Henry," she said. "Why, it 'nd make two of ours. I'll go with you to Tottenham Court Road next week, and we'll have a look at the sideboards. Ours has been old-fashioned for a long time."

"Let's go downstairs and have a game of draughts," said Mr. Chorley. "Too much excitement isn't good for you, you know. The doctor said so."

"They look as if they were very well-to-do people, Henry," continued Mrs. Chorley. "We must see if we can't offer to help them. I wonder how they're going to manage for tea."

"I'll ask them in, if you like," said Chorley, starting for the door in the hope that he might be able to get his new neighbours to come in at once, and thus lure his wife away from the window before she had decided to refurnish the whole house.

"We can't do that," replied Mrs. Chorley. "Mary Ann's out for the afternoon. Her brother comes out to-day."

"Oh, does he!" said Chorley, raising his eyebrows. "What was he in for?"

"A broken leg," said Mrs. Chorley. "Didn't I tell you?"

"But they don't send people to prison for breaking their legs," insisted Chorley.

"Who said anything about prison?" said the lady rather tartly. "It's the hospital he's been in. Look, that's evidently the new neighbour—that old gentleman with the white beard standing by and looking on."

"He doesn't look as smart as his furniture," commented Chorley.

"Of course not," explained Mrs. Chorley with an air of superior information. "People don't wear their Sunday clothes to move in, do they? Run down and ask if we can lend them anything for tea. Be sure and be nice to him. It seems to me they're neighbours worth having."

Mr. Chorley went downstairs and walked up to the elderly gentleman standing beside the nearest van. He certainly had not put on his best clothes to move in, but still it seemed to Mr. Chorley that his new neighbour might have at least sported a collar and necktie without being guilty of reckless extravagance. However, he felt that Mrs. Chorley's eye was on him and he set about his business promptly.

"Good afternoon," he said. "We saw you were moving in and my wife thought perhaps you'd let us lend you anything you might want to make yourselves some tea."

The elderly gentleman reflected for a moment as if he did not quite grasp the meaning of the offer, and Mr. Chorley made a mental note that the new neighbour was not the man to accept favours in a hurry.

"You—you do take tea, I suppose?" he continued a little dubiously, as after a closer scrutiny of his new neighbour's appearance he concluded that tea was probably more of an occasional than an habitual beverage with him.

"Oh—er—yes—yes, of course," said the elderly gentleman. "I didn't quite know whether you were bluffin' me or not, at first. You'll excuse me." And he took Mr. Chorley's arm quite affectionately and came back to the house with him.

"Have you got your cups and saucers unpacked?" asked Mr. Chorley.

"Yes—I've just been watching the men to see that they didn't break anything. But our teapot and plate-basket are in the other van, and they haven't begun to unload it yet. Have you got a teapot you could spare for half an hour—and a spoon or two?"

Mr. Chorley said he would be only too pleased. And as soon as he had bowed the old gentleman off the doorstep, he ran upstairs and explained to Mrs. Chorley that he had lent the new people the best plated teapot and half a dozen spoons, and that the elderly gentleman had promised to bring them back in an hour or so.

"That's right," said Mrs. Chorley. "They're evidently most superior people, and if we treat 'em nicely we shall make a good impression. They're just starting on the second van now. I knew that no young couple would begin housekeeping on such a scale as that. They're people who've made their money, you mark my words."

The afternoon went by, and evening came on. "They're very superior people no doubt," said Mr. Chorley, "but they haven't returned our things. They must have got their own unpacked by this time."

"They've probably forgotten all about us in the rush," said Mrs. Chorley. "Still, as we don't know who they are yet, we might as well make sure."

"That's how it struck me," assented Chorley. "I'll go in and ask if we can do anything else for them, and then I'll hint about returning our silver."

Mr. Chorley strolled up to his neighbour's door and knocked with a nicely graduated tattoo. A young man came to the door in a velvet dressing-jacket.

"Good-evening," said Chorley, pleasantly. "I've just looked in to see if there was anything else we could do for you."

"Anything *else?*" asked the young man with a mystified air. Mr. Chorley had remarked the same thing about the old gentleman, and he concluded that this sort of thing was a family peculiarity.

"Yes; your—your father came in this afternoon——"

"My *father?*" exclaimed the young man. "Are you sure?"

"Oh, come, I say," said Mr. Chorley, feeling a little apprehensive as to the moral superiority of his neighbours; "that's hardly the way to treat people who've tried to do their best for you. It isn't playing the game, you know."

"What *is* your game?" inquired the young man with a serious look in his eye.

"I'm the people from next door," Mr. Chorley blurted out with a rather mixed metaphor.

"Oh, are you?" replied the young man. "I'm glad you told me. I thought at first that you might be the people from Colney Hatch. Very pleased to meet you, I'm sure."

She decided to give Mr. Chorley a good talking to instead.

"And if you've quite done with our teapot and spoons——" stammered Chorley.

"I haven't seen your teapot and spoons," protested the young man.

"Oh, that's all nonsense," said Chorley, turning very red. "Your father came and borrowed them this afternoon. I lent them to him myself."

"Rubbish!" replied the young man. "My father's been dead these ten years. That's why I was so interested when you said he'd been to see you this afternoon."

"Well, who was the old gentleman that——" and Mr. Chorley turned round and pointed to where he had first met his white-whiskered friend.

"Oh, *that!*" chuckled the young man. "I don't know. I warned him once about hanging about our vans. Didn't like the look of him myself."

"But I lent him our silver!" cried Mr. Chorley.

The new neighbour laughed loudly and unsympathetically, and Mr. Chorley put him down at once as a coarse and low-minded person.

"Of course, I'm awfully sorry," said the new neighbour when he had laughed sufficiently to prove the genuineness of his grief.

Mr. Chorley turned angrily away, and went and broke the news to Mrs. Chorley. That lady looked at first as if she was going to faint, but on thinking it over she decided to give Mr. Chorley a good talking to instead. If, she said, there was one thing more than another that she had impressed upon him, it was that the old man they had seen outside was only a good-for-nothing tramp. Anybody could have seen that at a glance.

Meanwhile that teapot and those spoons are still missing.

The new neighbour laughed loudly and unsympathetically.

(Another episode in Mr. Chorley's career will be related next week.)

If folks would only smile a little more and frown a little less what a much nicer place the world would be.
We hope the little story above will help to amuse you.

Picked Pars.

Revolving Bird's Nest.

A pair of sparrows have built a nest on the weathercock of a school building at Jarrow-on-Tyne.

Cherry Apples.

A Minnesota farmer named Perry has grafted the roots of a cherry and apple tree together and produced an apple having the distinct flavour of a cherry.

Perils of Paddling.

An exceptionally large number of Wandsworth children have been taken to the Bolingbroke Hospital during the current holiday season, suffering from badly lacerated feet. The wounds were received while they were paddling in the ponds on the Common.

Canine Cricketer.

A member of the Fyfield (Essex) Cricket Club has trained his dog to recover balls which are "lost" on the cricket ground, which is surrounded by deep ditches. During a recent match the animal recovered two balls, one of which had been lost a week previously.

"Fire" Balls for Children.

A motor van loaded with lawn tennis appliances caught fire in Westminster Bridge Road, London. Firemen who were called threw into the roadway a number of smouldering boxes containing tennis balls, which were scrambled for and carried off by children, despite the efforts of the police.

Never Seen a Train.

After working on one farm for seventy years, Thomas Anderson, of Wark, Northumberland, who could neither read nor write, and had never seen a train, has just died, aged ninety-four.

Ten Thousand Tramps.

Alarming statistics on the increase in vagrancy during last year were presented to the Carlisle Guardians recently. It was stated that more than ten thousand tramps passed through the workhouse casual wards during the year.

The Arm of the Law.

A young visitor was sent to gaol at Jersey the other day for 24 hours because, during the battle of flowers, he threw an empty basket, weighing a few ounces, from a triumphal car and struck a policeman with it. The sentence caused considerable indignation; a crowd of visitors and local folk mustered outside the prison gates and gave the prisoner a big reception.

Fatal Obituary Notice.

On recovering from a severe illness, Mr. Garland Bates, who has been town crier of Macon, Missouri, for the last quarter of a century, was handed a local paper containing the news of his death and an elaborate sketch of his life. He was so pleased with his obituary that he got out of bed to call on the editor of the paper, and caught a chill from which he died the same day.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

6,500,000 Acres for Tobacco.

According to statistics compiled by an American tobacco merchant, 6,500,000 acres of ground are now required to grow the world's tobacco crop.

Express Pulled up in 13 Seconds.

The Breslau express was fired into near Erkner recently. The bullet smashed the window of a second-class carriage, grazing a passenger. The train was stopped in 13 seconds.

Snake in the Beer.

Four Kentucky men having died of poisoning after drinking beer, the barrel was examined, and a large dead snake was found within. Two other men who drank the beer are not expected to live.

Ambidextrous Judge.

Mr. Justice Phillimore is ambidextrous, and when taking notes of cases that come before him for trial in the King's Bench Division his lordship uses his right and left hands with equal facility.

Motor Murder.

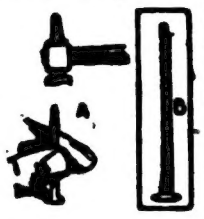
The tribunal of Boudry, a little town on Lake Neuchatel, gave a curious judgment recently. A young man named Souverain, while driving a motor-car, accidentally ran over a man, killing him on the spot. The tribunal considered the case a motor murder, and ordered Souverain to pay £34 to the victim's brother and £600 to the victim's fiancée as indemnity.

Picture Pars. *(See footline.)*

A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls. Price One Shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

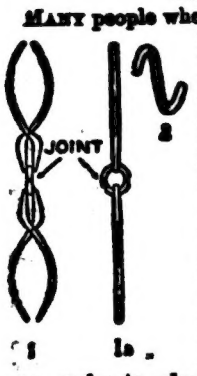
PREVENTS SPLITTING.

Sharp-pointed nails have a tendency to split the wood when driven in near extremities unless a hole is bored for them. If, however, the following treatment is administered to the nails they will not give this annoyance. Hold the nail point upwards on some hard surface as at A, and give it a tap with a hammer sufficient to blunt the point. Then the nail, like B in the picture, though still capable of being driven into the wood, is not likely to split it.



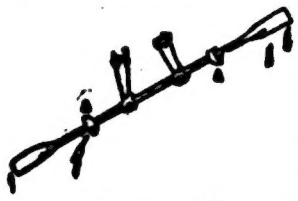
TO OPEN A LINK.

Many people when opening a link force it open by pulling the blade of a knife through the joint. This achieves the result satisfactorily, but when the link is closed once more it is often found to be out of shape. Instead of being perfectly round it is twisted and bent. A link like this spoils the appearance of a chain. The best way to perform the feat is as follows: Get two pairs of ordinary small pliers, hold the link with one pair just at each side of the closure (Figs. 1 and 1a) and force it sideways. The link is then like picture 2. After you have placed on the medallion, or whatever you desire to adorn the chain with, the ends may be brought together by reversing the operations described.



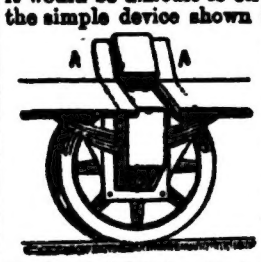
TO CATCH THE WATER.

A person sculling would get very wet if some means were not taken to prevent the water running down the blades each time they were raised, and then dripping off into the canoe. To overcome this inconvenience leather buckets shaped like half a sphere (A A) are attached to the scull, and they hold the water like a cup when upraised and allow it to escape again into the river when reversed.



IN THE FOOTBOARD.

With continuous footboards to the railway carriages it would be difficult to oil or grease the bearings but for the simple device shown in the illustration. Over the axle box a piece is cut out of the footboard and fastened with hinges at the back so that it can be readily moved up or down. On the top side of this flap is firmly fixed a roughened steel plate which covers it and projects about two inches at each end, so resting on the board. This renders it quite impossible for the flap to fall below the footboard. In the diagram the lid is shown as raised, ready for greasing, and the extent to which the steel plate projects is depicted by the dotted lines. When it is closed the appearance is so neat that a casual observer would not know a trap was there.

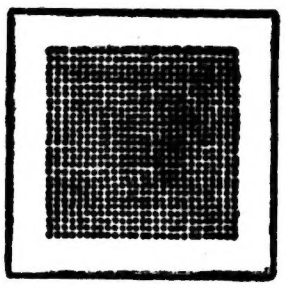


STEEL STOPS INJURY.

Soldiers who ride the horses attached to gun-carriages, ammunition waggons, and so on, have a strip of steel fastened to the leggings worn on the leg nearest the carriage pole. Were it not for this strip dangerous consequences might ensue if the rider's leg happened to get squeezed between the horse's body and the pole. Indeed, it has often happened that a driver's leg has been broken by a sudden impact.

TOAST IN SUMMER TIME.

It isn't imperative to have a glowing kitchen fire in order to make toast; it can be made at an oil or gas stove if the little device illustrated here is procured. The contrivance consists of a small square sheet of iron perforated with little holes, and can be obtained from any ironmonger. When toast is desired place the metal slightly above the flame, and in a few minutes it will be red-hot. It then acts the part of a fire, and by holding a piece of bread or scone to it toast can be made to a nicety. The perforated part should be slightly larger than the opening of the stove in order to get all the heat possible. To all those who enjoy a piece of toast in summer this hint should prove valuable.



Personal Pars.

Adherent of Rome.

The new Lord Arundell of Wardour is a second cousin once removed of the recently deceased thirteenth peer. The family is one of the oldest of the Roman Catholic faith in England, and possesses a magnificent seat, Wardour Castle, Tisbury, in Wiltshire, where they have resided since the days of Henry VIII. The title itself dates from 1605, when James I. was king.

Quaker Peer.

The new Lord Peckover is a descendant of Edmund Peckover, who was one of Cromwell's Ironsides, and whose land the new peer still owns. For his coat of arms Lord Peckover has adopted two woodpeckers as supporters, while on his crest is a sheaf representing a "peck" of wheat. His lordship's father, who was a banker by profession, died some years ago leaving a fortune of £1,163,000.

Little Girl's Wit.

Dr. Macnamara, M.P., who is investigating the question of the care and education of poor-law children, has added another to his collection of school stories. He was questioning a class of small girls on the daily course of the sun in the heavens. "But suppose," said he, "I told you that on a certain day I saw the sun rise in the west, what would you say?" "Please, sir," replied a little girl, archly, "I should say you must have got up rather late!"

Nature's Secret.

Lord Kelvin, the celebrated scientist, when walking through some electric power works, asked a workman the simple question, "What is electricity?" "I am sorry I could not tell you, sir," replied the workman. "And I don't know, either," exclaimed Lord Kelvin. He added that, though he had been engaged in experimental investigation for fifty years, he felt that electricity was still a mystery.

Judge's Advice.

"Is this your first law case?" asked Mr. Justice Bigham of a defendant in a civil action at the Guildford Assizes recently. "It is, my lord," replied the litigant. "Then let it be your last," drily observed his lordship. Mr. Justice Bigham has been a judge since 1897, and before that had a large practice as leader of the Northern Circuit.

Irish Boy Admiral.

The little Marquess of Donegall, who is not yet four years old, is Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh by heredity. He was at a garden fête at Ealing recently when someone asked him, "What is your name?" "Admiral Donegall," promptly replied the youthful marquess. Besides the two titles mentioned, he is also Viscount Chichester, Baron and Earl of Belfast, Earl of Donegall, and Baron Fisherwick.

From Farmhouse.

A newspaper stated that Mr. Arnold Lupton, M.P. for Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, who is a mining engineer by profession, "did not know a mangel-wurzel from a mongoose." Mr. Lupton promptly protested, and in his reply said: "In my early boyhood I lived at a farmhouse for a good many years. I took a great interest in the work of the farm and garden, and I spent a good deal of time in actual work in connection with them."

Ready Reply.

A good story of Father Bernard Vaughan is being revived. A guest at Trinity College, Cambridge, with other ladies and gentlemen, the party after dinner inspected the famous Holbein picture of King Henry VIII., the much-married monarch. "What would you do, Father, as a Jesuit, if King Henry there were at this instant to step out of the frame?" asked a gentleman. "I should request all the ladies to leave the room," came the immediate reply.

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

Labour Knight.

Though not actually the first stonemason to become a knight, Sir William Smith Crossman, the Lord Mayor of Cardiff, has secured a distinction to be proud of. The day before the unexpected honour was bestowed upon him, Sir William met the King on the royal yacht. "How are you?" said his Majesty, warmly. "We shall meet to-morrow, shan't we?" This drove away any timidity which the future knight might have felt. Sir William was born in 1854, the eldest of eight children.

Waiting in Vain.

Dr. Straton, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, who has been appointed Bishop of Newcastle, once went to stay at the country house of a north of England peer. Arriving at the station, the Bishop jumped into the carriage which had been sent to meet him and closed the door. But the conveyance did not move from the station, and after a short wait the Bishop asked the cause of the delay. "They sent me to meet the Bishop of Sodor and Man," replied the coachman. "You've arrived, my lord, but I'm waiting for the man."

Socialism Defined.

Dr. Stubbs, Bishop of Truro, relates that when he was living in Liverpool (1888-94) he went to a wealthy merchant for a subscription. "They tell me you are a Socialist," the merchant said; "what is the meaning of that?" Dr. Stubbs replied by saying there was political Socialism and there was Christian Socialism. The one said: "What is yours is mine," and the other said: "What is mine is yours." "I have met a good many of the first sort," said the merchant, "but never any of the second. Here is £20 for you." Until recently Dr. Stubbs held the position of Dean of Ely.

A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Free Goose for Trippers.

The Latest in Holiday Attractions.

So many towns live by and for the tourist or health-hunter that competition between them becomes keener every season. Each place must have its special bait for holiday-makers, and the amount that municipalities will spend upon new attractions is really amazing.

Take a place like Rhyl. Besides the large sums its authorities have expended upon pier, parade, pavilion, and the usual attractions, they have made a marine lake of forty acres for boating at a cost of £10,000.

All these northern seaside resorts spend money like water in order to secure a lion's share of the open-handed North-country tripper. New Brighton is proud of its Tower, the tallest structure in England, and of its plunge bath, the largest in the country.

Southport, besides a marine lake, has winter gardens, which cost the enormous sum of £100,000. Blackpool holds the British record of having spent over a million on holiday attractions. Its pier-head is the biggest in the Kingdom, and its Tower is so large that a thousand people can promenade at once upon the top.

Morecambe boasts an Oriental ball-room with no less than 9,000 square feet of dancing space, and there is not a single one of these northern seaside towns which has not some special feature which it advertises far and wide.

A BRIDGE OF PLATE GLASS.

Perhaps the oddest ambition is that of the little Essex Thames-side town of Grays. The river here is at least a mile wide, and is so good an imitation of the sea that Grays has determined to make the illusion perfect by creating for itself an artificial beach. Barge loads of sand and shingle will be dumped along the foreshore, while a riverside park and a model yacht pond will be constructed later.

Americans, with their national inventiveness and enterprise, go a good deal further than we in the matter of amusements and novel sensations for the visitor. Canyon City, which lies on the edge of the marvellous gorge through which flows the Arkansas River, has thrown a suspension bridge across the Canyon, the floor of which is of plate-glass. From this bridge the tourist is enabled in perfect safety to gaze down at the river foaming beneath at a perpendicular depth of rather more than half a mile.

In order to provide a perfectly safe view of the cataract from below, the Niagara Falls Queen Victoria Park Commission have lately completed a most costly undertaking. First, a shaft was sunk 127 feet deep, and from that a tunnel 800 feet long curves out under the Horse Shoe Falls. At the end are large observation rooms, glass-fronted, in which tourists can sit and gaze out at the never ceasing thunder of rushing waters. An electric lift works in the shaft.

STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM GRATIS.

Perhaps no seaside town offers such a perfect realisation of the benefits of sea life and sea air as does Howard's Dock, Long Island. The authorities have built a great pier running more than half a mile out to sea, and at its seaward end a number of substantial, two-storey bungalows, which are let for the season at from £30 to £50 each. In front of each is a wide porch, a float, and a hinged gateway.

You can bathe off your front door-steps or catch fish out of the dining-room window, and the bay is too well protected for storms to damage these curious dwellings.

Some of these American towns go so far as to offer their visitors free treats. Glenwood Springs, a watering place in the Rockies, holds a yearly strawberry feast, at which all comers are welcomed. From 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. great plates of strawberries and pitchers of fresh, thick cream are dispensed without charge. Very often the Governor of the State of Colorado attends, and so does pretty well everyone else within a radius of twenty miles.

Another western town, West City, in Wisconsin, a place which has some fine mineral springs, runs special trains from Madison and other large centres on a day in September to its Goose Festival. A very fine dinner, of which the principal dish is goose, is served free to all, and the town has evidently found the advertisement pays, for it is growing fast.

Speaking of free food, there is a small German town named Kaiserhof, which is celebrated for its pigs. A year or two ago Kaiserhof held a ham fair, and, by way of encouraging visitors to come in numbers, advertised that all who purchased tickets would be permitted to sample the exhibits. The public accepted the invitation with such zest that on the second morning the exhibition closed its doors. There was no more ham.

CITIES STARVED BY STRIKES.

It Often Takes Years for a Town to Recover.

THE miserable strike which has convulsed Belfast has cost that city enormous sums. Incidentally, 200,000 tons of trade has been lost, and 5,000 families have been reduced to the verge of starvation. At the best, it will be two years before the town can recover from the effects of the great strike and the subsequent rioting.

A big strike is worse than war in its effects upon the business of countries and cities. Five years ago there was a wholesale strike in Southern Sweden, organised to secure universal suffrage. Stockholm suffered badly, but the situation in Helsingfors became deplorable. There was no gas, candles ran out, food doubled in price, and the authorities closed all the public-houses. Boats and trains stopped running. So did the trams and cabs. Although this strike lasted barely a week, many well-to-do people were left without the bare necessaries of life.

The bitterest strike battles have been fought out in the United States. In 1903 all the cooks and waiters in the great mining town of Denver, Colorado, stopped work. The railwaymen were already on strike, and the result was that all the eating houses and most of the hotels were closed. Thousands of Denver people are accustomed to taking their meals in restaurants, the system being to purchase meal tickets by the dozen. It was an extraordinary sight to see men with money in their pockets absolutely unable to buy food. Many private houses opened their doors to these unfortunate people, but if the strike had not been compromised at the end of a fortnight the situation would have been very serious indeed.

The most dreadful strike scene of recent years was witnessed in May, 1905, by British tourists, who landed from the steamer *Vectis*, at Malaga, in Spain. An army of 4,000 ragged, starving men entered the town on Wednesday, the 24th of the month.

This starvation army came from small towns in the neighbourhood which had been ruined by the agricultural strike of the previous winter.

Many of the peasants dropped in the streets from weakness, and their gaunt faces and bony frames proved that their sufferings were terribly real. It is a grim fact that the death-rate of the district rose to double the average during that spring and summer.

The French town of Nantes was reduced to a state which would have been comic had it not been pitiable by a combined strike of nursery gardeners and dairymen. All the greengrocers and dairy shops were closed. There was not even a cabbage to be had for love or money, and it must be remembered that French people live on vegetables to a far greater extent than we do.

The worst of it was that the unfortunate children and the patients in the hospitals could get no milk. At last, the police were ordered to escort a picked detachment of volunteer milkmen to the dairy farms, and in this way milk was at last obtained, and soon afterwards the strike collapsed.

The great Italian labour strikes of 1904 had very serious consequences. Milan suffered worst of all. The loss to the town was set at £1,200,000. Provisions rose to treble their usual price, and fresh meat was absolutely unobtainable after the first fortnight.

At Naples the streets were barricaded. Naples has the largest proportion of very poor of any large city in Europe, and as a result of the strike a great many unfortunates starved outright. It was afterwards calculated that the loss of life attributable directly to the strike in Naples was nearly 2,000.

At Venice the strikers tore up the railway line, and until food could be brought in by sea, the city was in a very serious state. For a week, fresh fruit, vegetables, eggs, and milk were unobtainable.

There are plenty of instances of British towns being completely ruined by strikes. The most notorious is that of the Welsh quarry village of Bethesda, where the men remained out for the unprecedented period of three years. No fewer than 1,800 men left the place altogether. Happily, the trouble is now ended, and the great Penrhyn slate quarries once more resound with drill and pick.

Another Welsh town, Hirwain, near Aberdare, suffered even more seriously than did Bethesda. Once it had a population of over a thousand sturdy colliers. These struck in September, 1903. When they offered to resume work the colliery owners declared that the men must first repair the damage done to the mine by the weeks of disuse. The Miners' Federation refused to allow this. As a result, the owners closed the colliery, and Hirwain was ruined.

A similar incident ended the career of Meridian, in Mississippi. The hands employed by Mr. Moss Graham, a timber millionaire, struck. Mr. Graham granted certain concessions. The men, not content, asked more.

Tired of Union dictation, Mr. Graham blew up his mills with dynamite, burnt his yards, and left the wretched victims of Trade Union tyranny to starve.

Piano Pounding on the Sands.

By WILL E. DRAPER, of the Margate "Smart Serenaders."

EVERY week I am asked one hundred times on an average, by one hundred different people, why I wear gloves when playing the piano. I inform my questioners that I wear gloves to protect the tips of my fingers and my nails, which otherwise would become calloused and broken. But there is more in it than this.

Have you ever reflected on the enormous number of notes struck by the accompanist to an *al fresco* troupe of outdoor entertainers, such as ours, during the summer season of sixteen to twenty weeks?

Take, for the sake of example, the song "Au revoir, my little hyacinth." In the sixteen-bar symphony to this, there are 213 notes; in the verse, which is played twice over, there are 363 notes; in the chorus, which is played four times, there are 485 notes, making a total of 2,879 notes struck in the one song. But this is exclusive of the "ad libs." and the runs, which would bring the number up to at least 3,000.

Now, we give on an average twenty songs at each performance of two hours' duration, and we have three performances every week-day. It follows, therefore, that I have to strike 60,000 notes at each performance, 180,000 in a day, 1,080,000 in a week, and 19,440,000 in an average eighteen-weeks' season. These are struck in the presence of the public.

WEAR OUT THREE PAIRS WEEKLY.

Now, add to this the rehearsals, which occupy an hour a day in the early morning, and which are conducted at express speed—quite twice as fast as before the public—and you get a grand total of approximately 26,000,000 notes played in 108 days.

Moreover, these notes must be struck firmly. You have got to hit the piano far harder out of doors, at an entertainment on the beach, where people are talking and laughing all round, than at, say, Queen's Hall, where Paderewski plays amidst deep silence.

You will begin to understand now "why I wear gloves." They are cotton gloves, and I wear out two, sometimes three, pairs a week. Kid gloves would last longer, of course; but they would be too stiff, and would not give the same delicacy of touch. With thin cotton ones you can get a nice gliding movement, and can run up and down the keyboard at express speed without fear of catching your nails, and tearing one off.

Another thing. Gloves save the backs of the hands from being blistered by the sun. This may seem a small matter. But it is not so in reality.

Of course, there are accompanists who play at these entertainments who dispense with gloves, but it requires a long apprenticeship, and, as I intimated before, it ruins the touch in the long run.

But setting aside mere physical endurance, the requirements of an *al fresco* accompanist are many and varied. He must, of course, be competent to read any music at sight, and play it at once without a single mistake. That goes without saying. In addition to this, however, he must be able to memorise, for often a song is specially asked for by some member of the audience, and it must be given, or patrons will be offended, and stay away.

RUSTED BY THE SEA AIR.

To give you an idea how this works, I may state that we have put on here during the ten weeks we have been performing 336 new songs, of which number I have memorised 296, the others I knew by heart before.

Then, too, he must be able to play rapidly and correctly, either from music or from memory, without looking at the notes and without any undue "feeling" for them. A favourite test, and one which I have myself successfully passed, is to play with four or five pairs of thick gloves on, and a table-cloth spread over the keyboard.

Another thing. An *al fresco* accompanist must be able to take down any air as fast as it is sung. This, because of the expense which would otherwise be entailed in buying quantities of copyright songs, many of which would likely be of little or no use, as they might not catch on with a beach audience.

Lastly, there is a certain knack of handling the piano for outdoor seaside work, which must be acquired, and this can only be done by practice. As I said before, the notes must be struck firmly and loudly; but, on the other hand, you must not thump, or you will be smashing strings at the rate of ten or twelve a week.

For the strings are always more or less rusted by the sea air, and this notwithstanding that the piano is covered at night with four thicknesses of rugs and waterproof sheets.

"Free Goose for Trippers" (see above) is all very well, but one must first have the money to trip with. Therefore—as we have said all along—enter for our Limerick contest on the first page, and win a substantial prize.

Guerin's Life Story.

. . TOLD BY HIMSELF. . .

Eddie Guerin, the man who made so dramatic an escape from Devil's Island, the French Penal Settlement, has already told in these pages how he and Dago Frank robbed the Bank of France at Lyons of £10,000, and how he and his accomplice were captured and sent to prison for ten years in the Auvergne Mountains. On his release he visits London, and later, with "Chicago May," returns to Paris.

EXTRAVAGANT CHICAGO MAY.

THOSE were happy days, following my return to Paris in the early summer of 1901. I had money. I had health. I had a reputable business. And I had, or thought I had, a sole and exclusive proprietary interest in the fair Chicago May, with whom, at the time, I was very much in love.

My old life, I fondly imagined, lay behind me. I was going to be a respectable member of society. No more robberies. No more dodging detectives, and being afraid of my own shadow.

But I found it was not so easy to shake off old associations, as I had imagined it would be. Paris happened just then to be pretty full of American crooks, and amongst them were two or three who had known me in the old days.

Naturally, they claimed acquaintanceship with me, and I could not refuse to speak to them.

Introductions followed, and in the end I got to know quite a number of high-class cosmopolitan criminals, who were there "on business" for the most part, and who trusted me fully once they knew who I was.

The result was that I drifted gradually into a round of costly and nerve-shattering dissipation. For this circumstances, coupled with my own inclinations, were principally to blame; but I also did what I did largely to please Chicago May, who was, I presently discovered, never really happy unless money was being spent on her.

Like all the women of her class, too, she dearly loved the night side of Parisian life. It was not enough that we should dine and wine at places like Durand's or Pailhard's, but afterwards we must go to Maxim's or the Rat Mort, remaining there until three or four in the morning, and even then perhaps adjourning, with half a dozen kindred spirits, to the Café Américain, instead of going home to bed.

Under these circumstances my money simply melted away. Hundred-franc notes were being changed by me every day and at all hours. To recruit my finances I took to gambling, by which I certainly made money, but which also had the effect of putting a still further strain upon my nervous system.

I felt the life could not last, and tried my hardest to get Chicago May away from Paris. But it was no good. She would go for short excursions to near-by places like Chailly or Barbizon. But by midnight at latest she must be back at her beloved Maxim's, with its music and laughter, its crimson silk-shaded lights, its bright flowers, pretty dresses, and costly champagnes.

It was here one night that I first met Dutch Gus, the man who was shortly destined to earn for me and for himself life sentences on Devil's Island. He was in evening dress, of course, as one must be to obtain access to Maxim's, and he looked a nice, gentlemanly sort of fellow. Chicago May, who knew him of old, introduced me, and we soon grew to be quite chummy.

DUTCH GUS'S GUNPOWDER.

We even used to go about together in public, and this was remembered against me presently by the French police officials. It was a danger I ought to have foreseen. But I didn't, principally because I believed Dutch Gus's story, that he was not in Paris for the purpose of robbery.

This was, of course, a lie. As a matter of fact, he was even then engaged in engineering one of the most sensational burglaries that ever startled the French capital. And I, who had no more to do with it than the man in the moon, was to suffer with him for it.

I say now, as I said at the trial, and as I have all along maintained since, that I was innocent of any complicity, direct or indirect, in Dutch Gus's doings. Yet I did have, I will admit, a slight inkling of what he was about.

I obtained my knowledge, such as it was, in rather a curious way. It chanced that one night I and Chicago May called at his rooms, as usual, but found him out. We waited a little while to see if he would return, and May, with a woman's curiosity, started prying about.

I heard her rummaging in his cupboard, but took no notice. In fact, I was at the window, looking down the street to see if Gus was in sight. Suddenly she called out to me, "Oh, Eddie, just look at these funny candles. They've got no wicks."

I turned, and saw that she held in her hand two objects that to an uninitiated individual might very well appear to be wickless candles. But I knew better, and my heart gave a great jump.

"Good heavens!" I cried involuntarily, and ran towards her. My words and action startled her, and she made a motion as if to throw away from her the objects she had hold of.

I grabbed them just in time, however, and deposited them—very gingerly and delicately—on a chair. Then I rated her soundly.

"You inquisitive, meddlesome fool," I said. "Don't you know a stick of giant powder when you see one?"

"Giant powder!" she repeated after me, silly like. "Giant powder!"

"Yes, giant powder," I cried once more. "Dynamite, if you like the word better. You know what dynamite is, and you know what would have in all probability happened to the pair of us if you had thrown it violently from you, as you were on the point of doing."

I saw her face pale then, and her eyes grow big and frightened, as she realised her peril, and it was an unusually quiet and sedate Chicago May that left Dutch Gus's apartments five minutes later. Before we went we put the sticks of dynamite where they were before, and where also were a number of other similar sticks, leaving everything exactly as we found it.

Of course, this accidental discovery of Chicago May's put me on my guard. I knew, as well as though Gus had told me, that a big coup was on the board; for the dynamite sticks were of the precise kind and make used by high-class cracksmen for bank-safe burgling, and other similar "stiff pinches," where explosives have to be brought into requisition.

WHAT A BAD RECORD DOES.

Instinct told me, knowing what I did, that I ought to leave Paris at once, and stay away until the job was finished. And, indeed, I did start to make preparations to do this. But too late. A few days after our fateful visit to Dutch Gus's rooms, the Paris papers announced one morning in flaming headlines: "Great burglary at the American Express Office. Strong room dynamited. Money and securities worth 1,250,000 francs (£50,000) stolen."

Now, as I have said, I was pretty certain that I should be suspected of this job, partly because I had been about so much with Dutch Gus, the actual perpetrator, and partly on account of my previous record, which I had reason to believe had by this time become known to the French police almost in its entirety. So, as soon as I read the papers, I made up my mind to fly.

Again too late. Chicago May and I were being shadowed by detectives all the while, although we did not know it, and we were arrested on the train that was bearing us towards Calais.

Before, however, I tell the story of this arrest, and of the dramatic and terrible events that followed after, I must go back some years, and recount some of my earlier experiences in crime, in order that the reader may understand how it was that I received for my supposed share in this particular burglary the terrible sentence of imprisonment for life on Devil's Island.

For this frightful punishment, equivalent as it is to a sentence of death, and death, too, not swift and therefore merciful, but a slow, long-drawn-out agony, is inflicted only on the most hardened and irreclaimable offenders, men upon whom all other punishments have failed to produce any deterrent effect.

Now, as the reader knows, I had only once been convicted in France, so I was by no means eligible for Devil's Island. It was the record of my American offences, furnished to the Paris police by Pinkerton's Detective Agency, that was to send me there.

The earliest of these was my robbery of the Mechanics Bank of Galesburg, Illinois, in 1882, and as this was a fair sample of most of the other similar affairs in which I was engaged in that country, I will relate briefly how it was done.

A "CROOK" AT TWENTY-ONE.

I was at this time a young fellow of twenty-one, smart, active, and ambitious. I had a thorough knowledge of criminal procedure, having "worked" (i.e., robbed) for some years previously with some of the best-known crooks in America, including such past masters in the art of bank robbery as the famous Billy Porter, who was afterwards tried for killing old Jack Welch and Patsy Irving in the notorious Shang Draper's saloon, New York; Max Shinburn, who stole in twenty years more than a million pounds sterling from banks all over the world; Charlie Wood, the only man who ever escaped from Sing Sing Prison; and many others equally famous, or infamous, whichever you like.

With these "highfliers," however, I always had to occupy a subordinate position, and my share of the spoils was in consequence not of the largest, although I often had to take more than my fair share of the risk.

Being, as I have said, an ambitious youth, this did not suit me. I determined to strike out a line of my own. This I did in connection with the Galesburg institution mentioned before.

Having first of all made a preliminary investigation of the bank, and convinced myself that it was not a difficult one to rob, if one went the right way about it, I communicated my plan to a friend of mine named John Larney, and two other men whose names it is not desirable to mention.

"MOLLIE MATCHES" AS A PARTNER.

This John Larney was a very clever thief, known all over America by his nickname of "Mollie Matches," a sobriquet which he gained when a boy by dressing himself in female apparel and mingling, in the guise of a match-selling girl, with a big throng outside a house where a fashionable wedding was being celebrated, whereby he netted some £600 worth of greenbacks and jewellery, all stolen within less than an hour.

Well, Mollie Matches, I, and the two others, met together three or four times in my rooms in Chicago, rehearsing the different *rôles* we were to play in the projected robbery. Then, when all was ready, one of my associates went to a neighbouring town and hired a horse, and a light, four-wheeled waggon with spider wheels, like farmers use in the States. In the waggon we placed some empty crates and boxes, so as to give the idea that we were countrymen come to the town on business.

In this vehicle we drove unostentatiously into Galesburg, and hitched our team near the bank about noon. This is the ordinary proceeding, the neighbourhood of a bank affording a convenient rendezvous for farmers, traders, and so forth.

We lounged about, just as these people do, discussing the crops, the weather, and other kindred topics dear to the rustic heart the world over, until we saw the president and treasurer go out to lunch. It was only a small branch bank, and we knew then that there was one official only, the cashier, on the premises.

So we immediately entered, and "Mollie" proceeded to the cashier's desk to buy a draft on New York with small silver, making a lot of noise, and talking loudly all the while. Another of my confederates stood near by holding up a newspaper, which he pretended to be reading, but which effectually screened me while I slipped behind the counter, having on rubber shoes, and stole 10,000 dollars in greenbacks (£2,000), almost from under the cashier's elbow, Mollie all the while arguing volubly about the draft, which he pretended to believe ought not to cost so much as the cashier demanded.

Eventually, Mollie told the cashier that he had made a mistake as to the amount of money he had with him, and gathering up what he had put down on the counter he said he would go for some more. Once outside, the "look-out," the "sneak" (that was me), and the "stall" (Mollie Matches), jumped into the waggon, which was driven rapidly to the railway station by the fourth man of our party.

We all escaped at the time, but later on Mollie was taken, and sentenced to ten years in the State Prison, at Joliet, Illinois. This, however, was his own fault. He was too fond of talking about his exploits, a fatal fault in a thief, barring that he is about to retire from the business, as I am. Then it does not so much matter.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Another thing that told greatly against me with the French police was, I was told afterwards, the fact of my having broken out of the Alleghany City Western Penetentiary, whither I had been sent for five years for the robbery of the strong room of Develin's big ticket office in Pittsburg. This affair happened soon after the Galesburg coup. I was caught almost in the very act, with part of the proceeds of the "job" on me, and a successful defence was therefore a matter of impossibility.

It was my first long term of imprisonment, and I did not like it at all, so I made up my mind to try and escape. This, however, was easier said than done. The Western Penetentiary was a fine big, new gaol, and reckoned at that time one of the strongest and safest in the country.

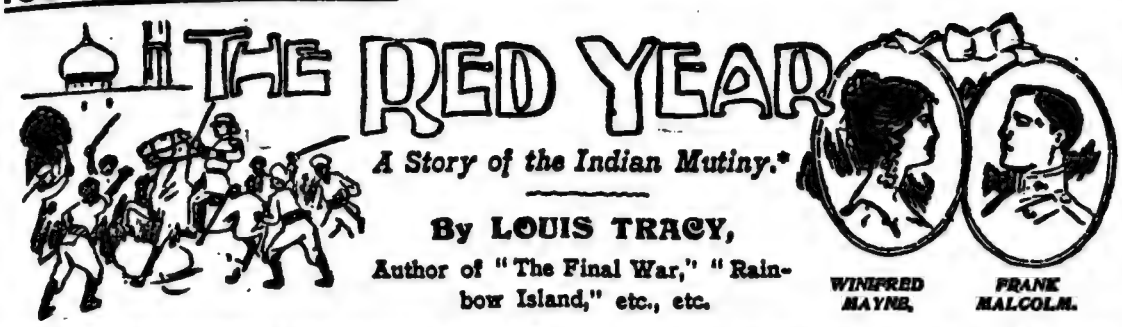
I was five months maturing my plans, which I carried out eventually with the assistance of a man named Tom Blake, who was doing four years for burglary. But I said nothing to Tom at first of what I intended doing, nor to anybody else.

In the beginning I contrived to secure a file and a screw-driver from the construction shop, and with these I fashioned two keys out of a piece of old boiler plate I found in the yard. One of these keys fitted the construction shop, where were stored ladders, poles, ropes, and such-like building gear; the other opened a small iron door which led from the interior of the prison proper to the yard wherein the construction shed was situated. It took me four and a half months to make these keys, as I was never able to work at them for more than three or four minutes together.

(In next week's number Eddie Guerin continues his remarkable story.)

You can always be certain of reading a good short story if you get the ROYAL MAGAZINE. That's why it's so wonderfully popular at railway bookstalls. People like to read it in the train.

YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.



*A Story of the Indian Mutiny.**

By LOUIS TRACY,

Author of "The Final War," "Rainbow Island," etc., etc.

CHAPTER FIVE.

"A Woman Intervenes."

WITH that message the Princess walked back to the door, which was immediately slammed behind her. Having just been snatched from the very gate of eternity by the Begum's good offices, Malcolm determined to fall in with her whims so long as they did not interfere with his duty.

Although Cawnpore was in the hands of the mutineers, and he had lost his dispatches, he determined, at all costs, to reach Sir Hugh Wheeler if that fine old commander were still living. Meanwhile, he hastened to the baraduri, an elegant structure which was approached by a flight of steps, and stood in the angle of two high battlemented walls.

The place was empty and singularly peaceful after the uproar of the village and of that portion of the palace which faced the Grand Trunk Road.

Overhead the sky was clear and starlit, but beyond the walls stretched a low, half luminous bank of mist, and he was peering that way fully a minute before he ascertained that the garden stood on the right bank of the Ganges. Almost at his feet, the great river was murmuring on its quiet course to the sea, and the mist was due to the evaporation of its waters, which were mainly composed of melted snow from the ice-capped Himalayas.

When his eyes grew accustomed to his surroundings, he made out the shape of a native boat moored beneath the wall. It had evidently brought a cargo of forage to Bithoor. So still was the air that the scent of the hay lingered yet in the locality.

Between Bithoor and Cawnpore the Ganges takes a wide bend. At first, Malcolm scarce knew in which quarter to look for the city, but distant reports and the glare of burning dwellings soon told him more than its mere direction. So, Cawnpore, in its turn, had yielded to the canker that was gnawing the vitals of India! He wondered if Allahabad had fallen. And Benares? And the populous towns of Bengal—perhaps even the capital city itself? The Punjab was safe. Hodson told him that. But would it remain safe? He had heard queer tales of the men who dwelt in the bazaars of Lahore, Umritsar, Rawalpindi, and the rest.

Nicholson and John Lawrence were there; could they hold those warrior-tribes in subjection, or, better still, in leash? He might not hazard an opinion. His sky had fallen. This land of his adoption was his no longer. He was an outlaw, hunted and despised, depending for his life on the caprice of a fickle-minded woman. Then he thought of the way his comrades of the 60th, of the Dragoons, and the Artillery, had chased the sepoys from the Hindun, and his soul grew strong again.

Led by British officers, the native troops were excellent, but deprived of the only leaders they really respected they became an armed mob, terrible to women and children, but of slight account against British-born men.

His musings were disturbed by the sound of horses advancing quietly across a paddy field which skirted that side of the wall running at a right angle with the river. It was impossible to see far owing to the mist that clung close to the ground, but he could not be mistaken as to the presence of a small body of mounted men within a few yards.

They had halted, too, but his alert ears caught the occasional clink of accoutrements and the pawing of a horse in the soft earth. He racked his brain to try and discover some connection between this cavalry-post and the parting admonition given by the Begum Roshinara, and he might have guessed the riddle in part had he not heard hurried footsteps in the garden.

They came, not from the door by which he was admitted, but from the Palace itself. Whoever the newcomers were, they made straight for the pavilion, and, as he was unarmed, he did not hesitate to show himself against the sky-line. For ill or well, he wanted to know his fate, and he determined to spring over the battlements in the hope of reaching the river if he received the slightest warning of hostile intent by those who sought him.

"Is that you, Malcolm?" said a low voice, and his heart leaped when he recognised Mr. Mayne's accents.

"Yes. Can it be possible that you are here?"

He ran down the stone steps. On the level of the garden he could see three figures, one a white-robed native, one a man in European garments, and the third a woman wrapped in a dark cloak.

A suppressed sob uttered by the woman sent a gush of hot blood to his face. He sprang forward. In another instant Winifred was in his arms. And that was their unspoken declaration of love—in the garden of Nana-sahib's house at Bithoor—while within hail were thousands who would gladly have torn them limb from limb, and the southern horizon was aflame with the light of their brethren's dwelling-places.

"Oh, Frank, dear," whispered the girl brokenly, "what evil fortune has led you within these walls? Yet, I thank God for it. Promise you will kill me ere they drag me from your side again."

"Hush, Winifred. For the sake of all of us, calm yourself," said her uncle. "This man says he has brought us here to help us to escape. Surely you can find in Malcolm's presence some earnest of his good faith."

The native now intervened. Speaking with a certain dignity, and using the language of the Court, he said that they had not a moment to lose. They must descend the wall by means of a rope, and in the field beyond they would find three of the officer-sahib's men, with his horse and a couple of spare animals.

Keeping close to the river until they came to a tree-lined nullah—the small ravine cut by a minor tributary of the Ganges—they should follow this latter till they approached the Grand Trunk Road, taking care not to be seen as they crossed that thoroughfare.

Then, making a détour, they must avoid the village, and endeavour to strike the road again about two miles to the north of Bithoor, thereafter travelling at top speed towards Meerut, but letting it be known in the hamlets on the way that they came from Cawnpore.

This unlooked-for ally impressed the concluding stipulation strongly on Malcolm, but, when asked for a reason, he said simply:

"It is the Princess's order. Come! There is no time for further speech. Here is the rope."

He uncoiled a long cord from beneath his cummerbund, and, running up the steps, adjusted it to a pillar of the baraduri with an ease and quickness that showed familiarity with such means of exit from a closely-guarded residence.

"Now, you first, sahib," said he to Malcolm. "Then we will lower the miss-sahib, and the burra-sahib can follow."

There was nothing to be gained by questioning him, especially as Mayne murmured that he could explain a good deal of the mystery underlying the Begum's wish that they should go north.

The exterior field was reached without any difficulty. Within twenty yards they encountered a little group of mounted men, and Malcolm found, to his great delight, that Chumru, his bearer, was holding Nejdi's bridle, while his two companions were Akbab Khan and another trooper who had ridden from Agra. To make the miracle more complete, Malcolm's sword was tied to the Arab's saddle, and his revolvers were still in the holsters.

Winifred, making the best of a man's saddle until they could improvise a crutch at their first halt, would admit of no difficulty in that respect. The fact that her lover was present had lightened her heart of the terror which had possessed her during many days.

They were on the move, with the two sharp-eyed sowars leading, when the noise made by a number of horsemen coming towards them on the landward side and in front, brought them to an abrupt halt.

"Spread out to the right until you reach the river," cried a rough voice, which Malcolm was sure he identified as belonging to Abdul Huq. "Then we cannot miss them. And remember, brothers, if we secure the girl unharmed, we shall earn a rich reward from the Maharajah."

Winifred, shivering with fear again, knew not what the man said, but she drew near to Malcolm and whispered:

"Not into their hands, Frank, for God's sake!"

The movement of her horse's feet had not passed unnoticed.

"Be sharp, there!" snarled the Pathan again. "They are not far off, and only six of them. Shout, you on the right, when you are on the bank."

"None can pass between me and the stream," replied a more distant voice.

"Forward, then! Keep line! Not too fast, you near the wall."

Frank loosened his sword from its fastenings, and took a revolver in his left hand, in which he also held the reins. He judged Abdul Huq to be some fifty yards distant, and he was well aware that the fog became thinner with each yard as he turned his back on the river.

"Take Winifred back to the angle of the wall," he whispered to Mayne. "You will find a budgerow* there. Get your horses on board, if possible, and I shall join you in a minute or less. If I manage to scatter these devils, we shall outwit them yet."

It was hopeless, he knew, to attempt to ride through the enemy's cordon. There would be a running fight against superior numbers, and Winifred's presence made that a last resource. The most fortunate accident of the deserted craft being moored beneath the palace wall offered a far more probable means of escape. What blunder or treachery had led to this attack he could not imagine. Nor was he greatly troubled with speculation on that point. Winifred must be saved; he had a sword in his hand, and he was mounted on the best horse in India. What better hap could a cavalry subaltern desire than such a fight under such conditions?

In order not only to drown the girl's protest when her uncle turned her horse's head, but also to deceive his opponents, Frank thundered forth an order that was familiar to their ears.

"The troop will advance! Draw swords! Walk—trot—charge!"

Chumru, though no fighting-man, realised that he was expected to make a row, and uttered a bloodcurdling yell. Inspired by their officer's example, the two sowars dashed after him with splendid courage. They were on their startled pursuers so soon, the line having narrowed more quickly than they expected, that they hurtled right through the opposing force without a blow being struck or a shot fired.

As it chanced, no better manœuvre could have been effected. When they wheeled, and Frank managed to shoot two men at close range, it seemed to the amazed rebels that they were being attacked from the very quarter from which they had advanced.

Under such conditions even the steadiest of troops will break, and at least endeavour to reach a place where their adversaries are not shrouded in a dense mist. And that was exactly what occurred in this instance. Nearly all the mutineers swung round, and galloped headlong for the landward boundary of the paddy field.

Shouting to his two plucky assistants to come back, Frank called out to Chumru, and bade him join them. He was hurrying towards the corner of the palace grounds, when a shriek from Winifred set his teeth on edge.

"I am coming," he cried. "What has happened? Where are you, Mayne?"

"Here, close to the boat. Look out there! Two sowars are carrying off my niece. For Heaven's sake, save her! I am wounded, but never mind me."

Malcolm had the hunter's lore, a species of Red Indian cunning, in the stalker's art. Instead of rushing blindly forward, he halted his men promptly, and listened. Sure enough, he heard stumbling footsteps by the water's edge. Leaping from Nejdi's back, he sprang down the crumbling bank and came almost on top of Abdul Huq and his brother Pathan. Their progress was hindered by Winifred's frantic struggles and their own brutal efforts to stop her from screaming, and they were taken unawares by Frank's unexpected leap.

A thrust that went home caused a vacancy in a border clan, but before the avenger could withdraw his weapon, Abdul Huq was swinging his tulwar. He was no novice in the art, and Malcolm must have gone down under the blow had not Winifred seen its murderous purpose and seized the man's arm. That gave her lover the second he needed. He recovered his sword, but was too near to stab or cut, so he met the case by dealing the swarthy one a blow with the hilt between the eyes that would have felled an ox. Never before had the Englishman hit any man with such vigorous good will. This rascal was owed a debt for the indignity he had offered the sahib in the village, and now he was paid in full.

He fell insensible, with part of his body resting in the water. It was a queer moment for noting a trivial thing, yet Frank saw that the man's turban did not fall off. He had lost his own turban during the *mêlée* on the Grand Trunk Road, and, as it would soon be daylight, he stooped to secure Abdul Huq's headgear. Oddly enough, it was fastened by a piece of cord under the Pathan's chin—an almost unheard-of device this, to be adopted by a native. With a sharp pull, Frank broke the cord and jammed the turban on his head. He was determined to have it, if only because no greater insult can be inflicted on a Mahommedan than to bare his head.

The incident did not demand more than a few seconds for its transaction, and Winifred hardly noticed it, so unstrung was she. Without more ado, Malcolm took her in his arms and carried her up the bank. He told the troopers and his servant to follow with the horses as quietly as possible, and led the way towards the budgerow.

Arrived at the boat, they found Mayne standing in the water and leaning helplessly against the side of the craft.

WHAT HAS ALREADY APPEARED.

THE Indian Mutiny has broken out. Natives of all grades and castes have united with the intention of driving the hated Feringhis (Europeans) from India.

Frank Malcolm has a commission in the 3rd Native Cavalry at the time. His regiment is affected by the disorder and many of the soldiers revolt. Meerut, where a garrison is stationed, is over-run by rebels, who commit wild scenes of lawlessness.

Frank, during the turmoil, thinks of the Commissoner of Oudh and his pretty neice, with whom he is in love, alone in an isolated bungalow, right in the track of the rebels. He leaves Meerut and rides to them. On finding that they have fled he follows. When he overtakes them they are surrounded by a turbulent crowd.

The young officer tries bluff, which produces no visible effect on the rebels. Princess Roshinara Begum makes an appearance, however. The Princess, who has met Frank before and is attracted by his personality, urges him to leave Winifred Mayne and her uncle to the mercy of the mob and throw in his lot with her. Her father, Bahadur Shah, is a dethroned king who will reign again if the mutiny succeeds.

Frank temporises with the royal lady, and the intervention of Nana Sahib saves further trouble. Nana offers to protect Mr. Mayne and his neice and to conduct them to Aligarh. The offer is accepted and thus they unconsciously walk into the enemy's hands.

Frank later on receives a note from the Princess which will insure him a safe passage to Delhi. Although he disregards it at the time, the note is the means of saving his life. He attempts to reach Cawnpore with some dispatches, but rebels attack him, and along with his small escort he is made prisoner. When he is searched the note is found. The natives fear to oppose the Princess's wishes, and as she is in the vicinity they take the young officer to her.

Frank begs that the lives of his escort shall be spared as well.

"Your own life and the lives of your friends will hang on a thread," the Princess replies, "yet trust me that it shall not be severed while you obey my commands."

* *Copyright in the United States by Edward J. Clode, New York, 1907.*

* A native boat.

Over £11,000 has already been awarded to successful Limerick competitors; 385 more prizes are carried off this week. It's about time you had a try, isn't it?

He had been struck down by one of the precious pair who thought to carry off Winifred, but, luckily, it was a glancing blow, and not serious in its after effects.

With a rapidity that was almost magical, the horses were put on board, the boat shoved off, and the huge mat-sail hoisted to get the benefit of any breeze that might be found in mid-stream. The current carried them away at a fair rate, and, as they passed the place where Abdul Huq had fallen in the river, Malcolm fancied he heard a splash and a gurgle, as though a crocodile had found something of interest.

CHAPTER SIX.
The Well.

Not until many months later did Malcolm learn the true cause of Roshinara Begum's anxiety that he and his friends should hasten to Meerut, and let it be known on the way that they came from Cawnpore. Yet there were those in Bithoor that night who fully appreciated the tremendous influence on the course of political events of Winifred's flight northwards.

The girl herself little dreamed she was such an important personage. But that is often the case with those who are destined to make history. In this instance, the baulking of a Brahmin prince's passions was destined to change the whole trend of affairs in Northern India.

Nana-sahib escorted Mayne from Meerut to Cawnpore because the safe-guarding of the Judicial Commissioner of Oudh was a safe card to play in that troubled period. As he travelled south, reports reached him on every hand that nothing could now stop the spread of the Mutiny, and, with greater certainty in his plans, came a project that he would not have dared to harbour even a week earlier.

Winifred, naturally a high-spirited and lively girl, soon recovered from the fright of that fateful Sunday evening. She had seen little of the tragedy enacted in Meerut; she knew less of its real horrors. Notwithstanding the intense heat, the open-air life of the march was healthy, and, in many respects, agreeable.

The Nana was a courteous and considerate host. He took good care that his secret intelligence of occurrences at Delhi and other stations should remain hidden from Mayne, and, while his ambitions mounted each hour, he cast many a veiled glance at the graceful beauty of the fair English girl who moved like a sylph among the brown-skinned satyrs surrounding her.

Once the party had reached Bithoor, the Nana's tone changed. Instead of sending his European guests into Cawnpore, whence safe transit to Calcutta was still practicable, he kept them in his palace, on the pretext that the roads were disturbed.

He contrived at first to hoodwink Mr. Mayne by giving him genuine news of the wholesale outbreak in the north-west, and by adding wholly false tiding of massacres at Allahabad, Benares, and towns in Lower Bengal. At last, when Mayne insisted on going into Cawnpore, the native threw aside pretence, said he could not "allow" him to depart, and virtually made uncle and niece prisoners.

But he treated them well. A clear-headed Brahmin, to whom intrigue was the breath of life, was not likely to make the mistake of being too precipitate in his actions. The wave of religious fanaticism sweeping over the land might recede as rapidly as it had risen. Muslim and Hindu, Pathan and Brahmin, who fraternised to-day, might be at each other's throats to-morrow. So the Nana was a courteous jailer. Beyond the loss of their liberty the captives had nothing to complain of, and he met Mayne's vehement reproaches with unmoved good humour, protesting all the while that he was acting for the best.

Winifred took fright, however. Her woman's intuition looked beneath the mask. For her uncle's sake she kept her suspicions to herself, but she suffered much in secret, and her distress might well have moved a man of high character to sympathy. Each time she met the Nana he treated her with more apparent friendliness. She recoiled from his advances as she might shrink from a venomous snake.

Fortunately there were others in Bithoor who understood the Brahmin's motives, and saw within the germ of failure for their own plans. Nana-sahib was an exceedingly important factor in the success of the scheme that meditated the re-establishment of the Mogul dynasty. Recognised by the Mahrattas, the great warlike race of Western India, as their leader, looked on as the pivot of Hindu support to the Mohammedan monarchy, it was absolutely essential that he should captain the rebel garrison of Cawnpore in a triumphant march to Delhi.

For that reason a marriage, distasteful to both, had already been arranged between him and the Roshinara Begum. For that reason he had travelled to many centres of disaffection during the months of March and April, winning doubtful Hindu princes to the side of Bahadur Shah by his tact and ready diplomacy. For that reason, too, the native officers of the first regiments in revolt at Cawnpore made him swear, even at the twelfth hour, that he would lead them to Delhi.

His unforeseen infatuation for an English woman might upset the carefully-laid plot. Under other conditions, a dose of poison would have removed poor Winifred from the scene, but that simple expedient was not to be thought of, as the Nana's vengeful disposition was sufficiently well known to his associates to make them fear the outcome.

Therefore, they left nothing to chance, and actually brought the Princess Roshinara post-haste from Delhi, believing that her presence would insure the inconstant wooer's return with her at the right moment.

While the majority pulled in one way, there was an active minority that wished the Nana to set up an independent kingdom. His nephew, and his Mahommedan friend, Azim-ullah, were convinced that their faction would lose all influence as soon as their chief was swallowed up in the maelstrom of the imperial court. If Winifred supplied the spell that kept the Nana at Bithoor, they were quite content that it should be allowed to exercise its power.

Hence, Malcolm's arrival gave the Begum a chance that her quick wit seized upon. Why not, she argued, connive at the Englishwoman's escape, and let it become known that she has fled back to Meerut? When the Nana returned from Cawnpore, flushed with wine and conquest, this should be the first news that greeted him, and his amorous rage would go hand in hand with the other considerations that urged his immediate departure for the north. That was not the device of a woman who loved; it savoured of the cool state-craft of a Lucrezia Borgia.

No more curious mixture of plot and counter-plot came to light during that disastrous upheaval in India. Never did events of the utmost magnitude hinge on incidents so trivial to the community at large.

A truculent thief like Abdul Huq was able to defeat the intent of a king's daughter, and a couple of sharp-eyed troopers, riding to a bluff overlooking the river, could report that they saw the budgerow on which the sahib-log escaped drifting down-stream towards Cawnpore!

Thus the intrigue miscarried twice. Winifred was free; the clear inference was that her uncle and Malcolm would go straight to their friends in the cantonment.

There was a scene of violence, nearly culminating in murder, when Nana-sahib came to Bithoor at dawn. He met the scorn of Roshinara with a furious insolence that stopped short of bloodshed only on account of the prudence still governing most of his actions. Not yet was he drunk with power. That madness was soon to obsess him. But he lent a willing ear to the counsels of Rao-sahib and Azim-ullah.

Soon after daybreak, he galloped to Kulianpur, on the road to Delhi, whither some thousands of sepoys had already gone, and harangued them eloquently on the glory, not to speak of the loot, they would acquire by attacking the accursed English at Cawnpore.

They were easily swayed. Acclaiming the Nana as a prince worthy of obedience, they marched after him, and thus sealed the doom of many hundreds of unhappy beings who thought, until that moment, they would be spared the dreadful fate that had befallen other stations.

Oddly enough, the high-born Brahmin who now saw his hopes of regal power in a fair way towards realisation, placed an act of soldierly courtesy to his credit before he made his name the synonym for all that is base and despicable in the history of warfare. He wrote a letter to Sir Hugh Wheeler, warning the gallant old general that he might expect to be attacked forthwith.

Perhaps it is straining a point to credit him with any sense of fair play. The letter may have been a last flicker of respect for the power of Britain, a haunting fear of the consequences if the Mutiny failed. It is probable he wished to provide written proof of a plea that he was an unwilling agent in the clutch of a mutinous army. However that may be, he wrote, and never did letter carry more bitter disappointment to a Christian community.

Sir Hugh Wheeler, having decided, most unfortunately as it happened, against occupying the strongly-built magazine on the river bank as a refuge, had constructed a flimsy entrenchment on a level plain close to the native lines. He was sure the sepoys would revolt, but he believed they would hurry off to Delhi, and he refused to give them an excuse for rebellion by seizing the magazine.

Towards the end of May he wrote to Henry Lawrence at Lucknow for help, and Lawrence generously sent him fifty men of the 32nd, and half a battery of guns, though even this small force could ill be spared from the capital of Oudh.

Sir Hugh made the further mistake of trusting Nana-sahib's professions of loyalty. He actually entrusted the Treasury to the protection of the Nana's retainers, in spite of Lawrence's plainly-worded warning that the Brahmin's recent movements placed him under grave suspicion.

Nevertheless, Wheeler acted with method. His judgment was clear, if occasionally mistaken, and he had every reason to believe that the only attacks he would be called on to repel would be made by the bazaar mob.

On the night of June 4th, the thousand men, women, and children who had gathered behind the four-feet mud wall that formed the entrenchment were left unmolested by the mutineers. During the 5th they watched the destruction of their bungalows, and knew that the rebels were plundering the city, robbing rich native merchants quite as readily as they killed any Europeans who were not under Wheeler's charge. Late that day came Nana-sahib's letter. It was a bitter disappointment, but "the valiant never taste death but once," and the Britons in Cawnpore resolved to teach the mutineers that the men who had conquered them many times in the field could repeat the lesson again and again.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the 6th, flames rising from houses near at hand gave evidence of the approach of the rebels. Irregular spurts of musketry heralded the appearance of confused masses of armed men. A cannon-ball crashed through the mud wall, and bounded right across the enclosure.

A bugle sounded shrilly, and the defenders ran to their posts.

The wailing of women and the cries of frightened children, helpless creatures only half protected by two barracks situated in the southern corner of the entrenchment, mingled with the din of the answering guns, and in that fatal hour the siege of Cawnpore began.

In the tear-stained story of humanity there has never been aught to surpass the thrilling record of Cawnpore.

There is no need to recapitulate all the awful details of this heartrending story. It is only a few weeks since "Dick Donovan" told *P.W.* readers the whole dreadful narrative in his own inimitable style.

Fifty years have passed, myriads of human beings have lived and died, since the well of Cawnpore swallowed the Nana's victims, but the memory of those gracious women, of those golden-haired children, of those dear little infants born while the guns thundered around the entrenchment, shall endure for ever. The Nana sought oblivion and forgetfulness for his sin. He earned the anger of the gods and the malediction of the world, then and for all time.

CHAPTER SEVEN.
To Lucknow.

The tragedy of Massacre Ghat, intensified by the crowning infamy of the well, brought a new element into the struggle. Hitherto not one European in a hundred in India regarded the Mutiny as other than a local, though serious, attempt to revive a fallen dynasty.

The excesses at Meerut, Delhi, and other towns were looked upon as the work of unbridled mobs. Sepoys who revolted and shot their officers came under a different category from the slayers of tender women and children. But the planned and ordered treachery of Cawnpore changed all that. Thenceforth every British-born man in the country not only realised that the Government had been forced into a Titanic contest, but he was also swayed by a personal and absorbing lust for vengeance.

Officers and men, regulars and volunteers alike, took the field with the fixed intent of exacting an expiatory life for each hair on the head of those unhappy victims. And they kept the vow they made. To this day, though half a century has passed, the fertile plain of the Doab—that great tract between the Ganges and the Jumna—is dotted with the ruins of gutted towns and depopulated villages. But that was not yet. India was fated to be almost lost before it was won again.

On the night of June 4th, when the roomy budgerow carrying Winifred Mayne and her escort drifted away from the walls of the Nana's palace at Bithoor, there was not a breath of wind on the river. The mat sail was useless, but a four-mile-an-hour current carried the unwieldy craft slowly down stream, and there was not the slightest doubt in the minds of either of the Englishmen on board as to their course of action.

Mr. Mayne was acquainted with Cawnpore, and Sir Hugh Wheeler was an old friend of his.

"Wheeler has no great force at his disposal," said he to Malcolm. "It is evident that the native regiments have just broken out here, but by this time our people in the cantonment must have heard of events elsewhere, and they have surely seized the magazine, which is well fortified and stands on the river. If I can believe a word that the Nana said, the sepoys will rush off to Delhi to-night, just as they did at Meerut, Aligarh, and 'Etawah. I am convinced that our best plan is to hug the right bank and disembark near the magazine."

"Is it far?" asked Malcolm.

"About eight miles."

"I wonder why the Begum was so insistent that we should go back along the Grand Trunk Road?"

Mayne hesitated. He knew that Winifred was listening.

"It is hard to account for the vagaries of a woman's mind, or, shall I say, of the mind of such a woman," he answered lightly. "You will remember that when you came to our assistance outside Meerut she was determined to take us, willy-nilly, to Delhi."

Malcolm, who had heard Roshinara's impassioned speech and looked into her blazing eyes, thought that her motives were stronger than mere caprice. He never dreamed of the true reason, but he feared that she knew Cawnpore had fallen, and her curiously friendly regard for himself might have inspired her advice. Here, again, Winifred's presence tied his tongue.

"Well," he said, with a cheerless laugh, "I, at any rate, must endeavour to reach Wheeler. I am supposed to be bearing dispatches, but they were taken from me when I was knocked off my horse in the village——"

"Were you attacked?" asked Winifred, and the quiet solicitude in her voice was sweetest music in her lover's ears.

His brief recital of the night's adventures was followed by the story of the others' journey and detention at Bithoor.

It may be thought that Mr. Mayne, with his long experience of India, should have read more clearly the sinister lesson to be derived from the treatment meted out that night to a British officer by the detachment of sowars, amplified, as it was, by their open references to the Nana as a Maharajah. But he was not yet disillusioned. And if his judgment were at fault, he erred in good company, for Sir Henry Lawrence, Chief Commissioner at Lucknow, was even then resisting the appeals, the almost insubordinate urging, of the headstrong Martin Gubbins that the sepoys in the capital of Oudh should be disarmed.

Meanwhile the boat lurched onward. Soon a red glow in the sky proclaimed that they were nearing Cawnpore. Though well aware that the European houses were on fire, they were confident that the magazine would be held. They helped Akbab Khan, Chumru, and the two troopers to rig a pair of long sweeps, and prepared to guide the budgerow to the landing-place.

Winifred was stationed at the rudder. As it chanced, the three sowars took one oar and Chumru helped the sahibs with the other, and the two sets of rowers were partly screened from each other by the horses. Malcolm was saying something to Winifred, when the native bent near him and whispered:

"Talk on, sahib, but listen! Your men intend to jump ashore and leave you. They have been bitten by the wolf. Don't try to stop them. Name of Allah, let them go!"

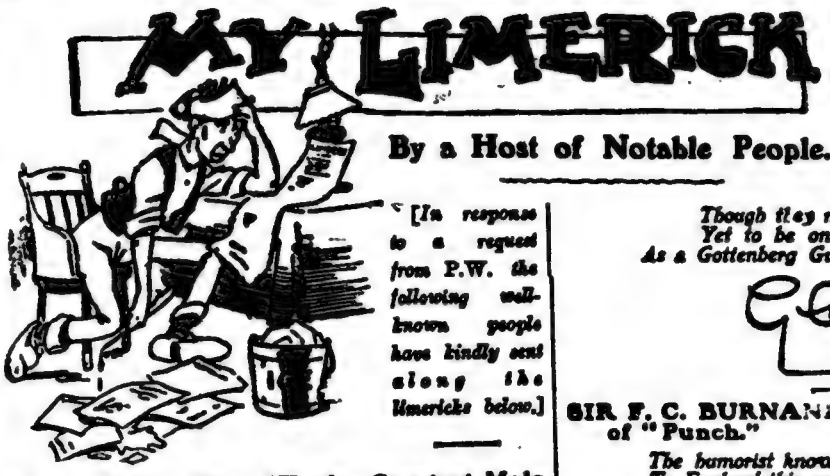
Frank's heart throbbed under this dramatic development. He had no reason to doubt his servant's statement. The faithful fellow had nursed him through a fever with the devotion of a brother, and Malcolm had reciprocated this fidelity by refusing to part with him when he, in turn, was stricken down by small-pox.

In fact, Frank was the only European in Meerut who would employ the man, whose extraordinary appearance went against him.

Yet this gnome-like creature was true to his salt at a time when he must have felt that his sahib, together with every other sahib in India, was doomed; his eyes now shot fiery, if oblique, shafts of indignation as he muttered his thrilling news.

(Another instalment next week.)

For the first time the story of Lord Kitchener's secret Expedition to Fashoda is told from the soldier's point of view, by one of the men who were present, in the September number of the ROYAL. Now on sale.



By a Host of Notable People.

[In response to a request from P.W. the following well-known people have kindly sent along the limericks below.]

MISS VESTA TILLEY, the Greatest Male Impersonator on the Music-hall Stage.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter,
Of "limericks" no doubt you will get a
Clever supply:
Sorry that I
Am unable to send you a better.

Vesta Tilley.

WALTER PASSMORE tells a Prehistoric Tale.

There once was an ichthyosaurus
Who lived when the earth was all porous;
But he fainted with shame
When he first heard his name—
And he died several ages before us.

Walter Passmore.

COULSON KERNAHAN, author of many Popular Stories.

There was an old lady who said,
When she found a thief under the bed:
"So near to the floor,
And so close to the door,
I fear you'll take cold in your head."

Coulson Kernahan

MILLIE BURKE relates the sad story of Red-nosed Rose.

A beautiful lady named Rose
Had a terrible cold in her nose.
"You can see," so she said,
"Why my nose is so red,
For I give it continuous blows."

Billie Burke

MARIE STUDHOLME tells of a very Tragic Incident.

There was a young woman who said:
"This limerick bothers my head."
So she sat up all night
With an unguarded light
And was frizzled to death in her bed.

Marie Studholme

MARIE ILLINGTON has evidently been Reading the Papers.

A Moor of the name of Maclean
By brigands just captured has been.
Raisuli said: "What
Do I get for the lot?"
But the Sultan said: "Plural of bean."

Marie Illington.

TOM BROWNE, whose wonderful pen-and-ink sketches have made millions smile.

There was a young man called Bellairs
Who tumbled down two flights of stairs.
What was it he said
As he rubbed his poor head?
Well—anything rather than prayers.

Tom Browne

GLADYS COOPER, the Actress who has made such a success in "The Girls of Gottenberg."

Said a damsel who lives
in the west:
"Lim'rick prizes are never
my quest;
Though they may be the rage,
Yet to be on the stage
As a Gottenberg Girl I think best."

Gladys Cooper

SIR F. C. BURNAND, until recently Editor of "Punch."

The humorist known as Mark Twain
To England this year came again.
As Oxford completely
Has doctored him neatly,
He'll one degree better remain.

F. C. Burnand

STARR WOOD, the well-known Caricaturist and "Punch" Artist.

There's one solace in riding on camels,
In the desert one's freed from the trammels
That curb speech in lands
Not exclusively sands,
For they are the most bumpy of mammals.

Starr Wood

JOSEPH COYNE, the American Actor now playing in the "The Merry Widow."

There was a young lady of Venice
Who used hard-boiled eggs to play tennis.
When they cried: "You are wrong,"
She replied: "Go along—
You don't know how prolific my hen is."

Joseph Coyne

J. STORER CLOUSTON, author of "The Pocket Miss Hercules," now being played at the New Royalty Theatre.

There was a young man who said "Blow it,
Here's a magazine thinks I'm a poet,
Heaven knows that my verse
Could hardly be worse;
But apparently Pearson's don't know it."

J. Storer Clouston

DOUGLAS SLADEN, the well-known Writer and Critic.

There was a young man of Berlin
Who observed to John Bull with a grin:
"Your Free Trade is free
To the Yankee and me,
But I don't see where England comes in.

Douglas Sladen

J. J. BELL, famous as the author of "Wee Macgreegor."

There once was a person who tried
"Last lines" till he sickened and died.
He inquired of Old Nick,
"Pray do you limerick?"
"I invented the game," Nick replied.

J. J. Bell

"AM I the first girl you ever loved?"

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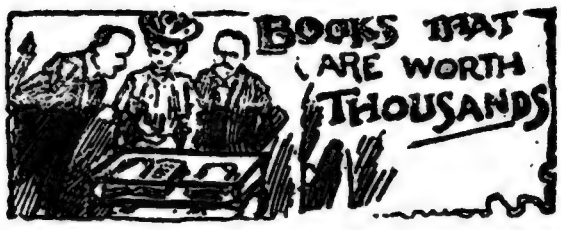

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No Past is Dead.

DRAMATIC SERIAL STORY.

By SIDNEY WARWICK,

Author of "Shadows of London," "The Knave of Diamonds," "In Name Only," etc., etc.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.
Dennis Garth's News.

"Mr. Burgoyne had led us to expect that—that Ailwyn was coming," Olive said. There was a little nervous constraint in her manner. The sight of Dennis had brought back with a rush all those old feelings that she had tried to fight against since she became another's wife.

Dennis looked at her as she spoke. Evidently she had heard nothing about Ailwyn's flight, but that he had expected. For Olive had left her husband on the day before the detective Detmold had followed Ailwyn Trent to the rooms in Meta Square to arrest him.

"And I rather fancy Burgoyne was a bit sick when I and not Trent turned up," Dennis answered. "You see, it was like this. Burgoyne telegraphed to Trent at the Manor House—a very urgent appeal for money; he said that two lady amateurs in the company known to him were in danger of being stranded. I remembered that Mr. Ferrol spoke of a Burgoyne, an actor—said that the man had persuaded his daughter she could make a success on the boards; and when I saw that wire from him it struck me at once where Celia Ferrol had gone, and I thought it more than likely, knowing that you were not with Trent, that you and Celia were together," he explained. "Sorry I was such an ass as to let your name slip out before that man Burgoyne."

"Then Ailwyn showed you the telegram?" Olive said.

"No; it was the butler at the Manor House—I expect you'll be surprised. But, you see, Ailwyn's away from home, and the old chap thought the wire might be urgent, so he showed it to me in the emergency, and asked my advice——"

"But why should he not have telegraphed the message on to Ailwyn?"

Olive was puzzled—puzzled, too, at something in Dennis's manner.

"Well, candidly, I don't think he knew Trent's address," said Dennis. He wondered how he was to tell her—to break the news about her husband. Even though she had left Ailwyn, he shrank from inflicting the shock that the news must bring her. "I was sorry you didn't let me know where you had gone—or, at least, that you took none of your friends into your confidence, Olive," he went on. "You know I've been no end worried about you ever since I heard you had disappeared as you did."

"How did you hear? But I suppose it is common talk in everyone's mouth down there that I have run away from my husband?" Olive said in a stifled voice.

"No; I think no one down there suspects anything.—You see, Trent has been away from the Manor House, too, ever since you left, so, luckily, there has been no chance of any gossip or scandal." He saw the look of relief that came into the troubled face. "It appears to be generally supposed that you and Trent are travelling abroad—and, of course, I haven't corrected the impression. The Ferrols know, because—well, when Trent told me about your disappearance——"

"Ailwyn told you?" she broke in.

Dennis nodded.

"Well, you see, he fancied I might be able to throw some light on where you had gone," he said evasively. "I was so worried to think of you hiding away from all your friends, Olive, that I went to make inquiries of the Ferrols, and there I found Mr. Ferrol in an anxious state of mind about Celia, who had disappeared too. Mrs. Ferrol seemed to make very light of it—I suppose it was because of her stepmother that Celia plunged into this wild escapade?"

"I think so," said Olive.

He was keeping something back—something that he shrank from telling her. Why that instinctive impression should suddenly cross her mind Olive hardly knew; perhaps it was a certain nervousness in his manner that was unlike Dennis. He was keeping something back—she was sure of it; but what?

"I thought as much when I saw the second Mrs. Ferrol," Dennis said, as if glad of an excuse for turning the subject from Ailwyn Trent. "She gave me the impression that day—it was the first time I had seen her—of being a rather unsympathetic sort of woman. It wasn't only the way she spoke of Celia; something occurred to puzzle me in relation to a man I know called Duchesne——"

"Mr. Armand Duchesne?" cried Olive, with a quick indrawing of her breath.

For a moment the mention of the name had startled her—that name engraved inside the wedding ring so inexplicably flung from the window of the room of that murdered women whom she now knew to have been Ailwyn Trent's first wife.

In what a strange circle fate had seemed to work in connection with that tragic episode! It had been Burgoyne who saw a woman's white hand fling that ring bearing Armand Duchesne's name out from the curtained window of the flat about the time that the murder must have been committed.

"Yes, that chap who escaped from the wreck of the *Saracen;* I got to know him at the Bourbon. He met with a serious accident—he was knocked down in the street and taken to the hospital the day I saw Trent, and I mentioned it incidentally in Mrs. Ferrol's hearing. If she and Duchesne had been acquainted I should have been inclined to believe that she was glad to hear of his injury—at least, her face looked like it. I confess I conceived rather a prejudice against Mrs. Ferrol."

"Is Mr. Duchesne better?"

"Yes, though the poor chap is still in hospital," said Dennis. "But about yourself, Olive—what made you go on the stage?"

"Oh, I am not stage-struck like Celia, if that is what you mean? I care for the life even less than I thought I should do when the chance was offered to me. It was really just to be with Celia that I came—partly for the selfish reason of wanting not to be alone after leaving Ailwyn, and partly because Celia was set upon the stage; nothing would alter her determination, and I felt that there might be dangers for an inexperienced, impulsive girl if she plunged into the profession alone," Olive said. "And so Ailwyn told you I had left him? Do you blame me, Dennis? Ah, but you don't know why I was driven to such a step!" she broke out, a sudden passion flaming into her tones.

"I think I do, Olive," he said gently. "I have found out many strange things—it was not hard to guess your motives. Blame you, Olive? I think I know now why you even entered into that marriage—and why you so soon found it unendurable. Oh, my dear, my dear," he broke out in a sudden uncontrollable outburst of hopeless longing and regret, "if only we had made up that foolish quarrel, you and I, who loved each other, instead of parting that night in anger—a brief moment of pique that was to change all your life and mine, Olive!" he cried. "I know now why you made that sacrifice—for your marriage was a sacrifice; and you left the man you had married because—because, when it was too late, you found him out."

Her face, with tears trembling in the beautiful, troubled eyes, was turned away. She did not speak. But her heart echoed his words with a hopeless passion of longing no less deep than his own. "If only we had made up that foolish quarrel, you and I, who loved each other!"

The sadness of those words, "if only!" And that moment's bitter mistake, so irrevocable now, had shut and locked the doors on the supreme happiness that he and she might have known.

"Olive, I think I ought to tell you," he said suddenly. "I came, thinking it my duty to tell you, though I shrink from adding to your trouble, as my news must do. But it is right you should know. Ailwyn is in danger of being arrested——"

"Dennis!" The startled cry of horror broke from her; her eyes were fastened feverishly on him.

"I saw him the day after you had left him. It was that day that the blow fell. Trent only escaped arrest by flight."

"But arrest for what?" she cried in a strangled voice. Olive had gone quite white, her eyes were wide and startled. "Tell me everything—I know so much, I believe I know all—and more than you can tell me. But I want you to tell me everything, Dennis—everything you know."

He hesitated a moment; then he said:

"The police have obtained absolute proof that he passed under the name of George Ailwyn, and was the husband of that poor creature who was murdered in that London flat. You knew that, Olive?"

"Yes," she said, almost voicelessly. "I found that out—when it was too late."

"The police have a warrant for 'George Ailwyn's' arrest on the charge of that woman's murder. Ailwyn assured me emphatically of his innocence; but the fact of his second marriage, of course, makes the case black against him."

"And is that all?" Olive whispered, watching him intently with her troubled eyes. "What are you keeping back? You must tell me all."

"The police have made the discovery that the dead man, Ernest Roden, was blackmailing this 'George Ailwyn.' That supplies a motive for his death—and the police suspect that Trent killed Roden," he answered slowly. The truth had to be told. "My poor Olive!" he said pitifully.

"I knew it all along," Olive whispered, clenching and unclenching her hands. "And when you were arrested, and he—the man whom at his father's entreaties I had married to save him as Sir Lionel thought—refused to speak to clear you despite all my prayers, do you wonder I despised him? Do you wonder, knowing, too, what you know and what I learned, that at last I was driven to take any way of escape from a bond so intolerable? Do you wonder, Dennis?" she cried feverishly.

He touched her hand gently; he did not speak. Tears splashed down from her eyes on his hands, as they held hers.

"Tell me about his escape," Olive said presently.

"The police traced him to my chambers in Meta Square, of which I had given him the key. I had left him there; I had gone to cash a cheque for him; he knew by that time that the police were searching for him, that he would have to make a bolt for it. I have the proceeds of that cheque in my possession still. That was the last time I saw him."

He told Olive of his return to Meta Square, of finding the detective Detmold and his men on guard outside the door of his suite of rooms on the top storey, and of the report of a revolver within that caused the police to break open the door, expecting to find that Ailwyn Trent had shot himself—and how, to their amazement, they had found no trace, living or dead, of the man. Trent seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

"And that was the last either the police or I have seen or heard of Trent," Dennis said. "He hasn't been home to the Manor House since, of course; he dares not show up there, since, of course, the Manor House will be under surveillance, and he knows that the instant he puts his head out of hiding he will be arrested."

"And this is known or suspected?" cried Olive.

"No, fortunately. The police have not made their discovery public; no hint of the facts has got into the Press. The day that Ailwyn escaped from the detective, I took it upon myself to go down to the Manor House, and told the old housekeeper that Sir Ailwyn had been called abroad, to prevent any gossip that his absence might cause."

"But what could have happened to Ailwyn? How did he succeed in escaping?" Olive cried.

"It baffled us all at the time, the thing seemed so inexplicable; but the solution proved to be quite simple. It was through noticing something missing from the room that I guessed how Ailwyn had got away," Dennis said. "There was a loft in the ceiling of one of the rooms, to which a hook-on step-ladder gave access. Why Ailwyn discharged the revolver I don't know; but what he did was clearly this: He put this short ladder through the window and hooked the end on to the stone coping of the roof. It was a hazardous feat, especially in the dusk—but he was a desperate man. He climbed on to the roof and drew the ladder up after him. No doubt he eventually made his way to the ground by the lower roofs of the out-buildings."

"And you have no means of knowing where he is likely to be hiding?" Olive asked.

Anger and contempt she might feel for the man who had wronged her irreparably by this marriage; yet there was room in her heart for pity as she thought of the desperate straits of this fugitive from justice—a womanly pity that quivered in her voice as she spoke.

"No; he has not dared to approach me, of course—dares not send me a hint of where he is hiding, because, no doubt, the police are keeping me watched lest he should try to communicate with me. You have been hiding from him for more than a fortnight—hiding from a man who dares not come forward to enforce a husband's authority! My poor Olive, what a tragic tangle it has all been!" he cried.

What a tragic tangle—and what a useless sacrifice her mad marriage had been—her husband a fugitive from the law, who would be arrested the instant the police could lay their hands on him, and tried for murder!

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Burgoyne had walked away from the house, feeling desperate. Garth had informed him that Ailwyn Trent was abroad, travelling, and beyond the reach of letters. It was hopeless to expect any financial help from that quarter.

But, at least, Lady Trent could be approached, he told himself, thinking of the strange discovery he had made that morning. Perhaps she had quarrelled with her husband—at any rate, she was here, and the weapon he held over Sir Ailwyn Trent could be held over his wife. And Burgoyne was as unscrupulous as he was desperate. He must have money!

And Celia Ferrol—his first intention had been to play a waiting game with Celia. But circumstances had forced his hand; unless he could extort some money out of Lady Trent, the tour must inevitably stop, that so far had proved a disastrous failure, and then his chance, as far as Celia was concerned, would be gone.

He must risk all on one desperate throw with Celia—induce her to consent to marry him secretly as soon as it was possible. Old Ferrol would have to come down handsomely, once his daughter was tied up; and, of course, Celia herself at the age of twenty-one would come into money. His hopes were very sanguine.

"The little girl must care for me, or she wouldn't have insisted on lending me that money," he said to himself, pausing in front of the mirror in a shop window to give his hat a more rakish tilt and to arrange his rather conspicuous butterfly-bow tie. "Yes, I think she's not indifferent to me—I expect, too, she has mentally contrasted me with that fellow, Carruthers," he said, as he regarded himself complacently for a moment. "Carruthers is sweet on her—and to carry her off from under his very nose will be getting a bit of my own back with a vengeance!"

As that thought was in his mind, Burgoyne, in turning the corner of the street, nearly ran into the arms of the man who was in his thoughts. Jim Carruthers, his time being his own, had followed the company from the town where they had played the previous week.

Carruthers looked Burgoyne full in the face and cut him dead.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.
The Harvest of the River.

The Three Cranes was its name—this old inn by the riverside at Greenwich that for the last twenty years or more had looked so decrepit and tumbledown as to give one the profound conviction that the first real capful of wind would make very small bones of it indeed, and blow the crazy old structure, that had more worm-eaten wood and plaster about it than brick, bodily into the river.

His customers would tell the landlord so sometimes, and point to cracks in the bulging walls where the foundations of one side of the house had sunk, or to the dilapidated roof that somehow seemed to set all architectural principles at defiance. But the landlord only laughed with optimistic scorn at these Job's comforters, and would say that he wished he had an equally good chance of withstanding wind and weather for the next fifty years.

The Three Cranes was the usual house of call of the person known as Jack the Fisherman; and, because Jack was by way of being a celebrity, one special seat was, by an unwritten law, always reserved for him in the corner of the semi-circular settle nearest to the fire.

This red-bearded giant was undoubtedly a "draw" who brought custom to The Three Cranes—a fact that was reflected in the landlord's manner towards this valued customer; and it was not Jack's gruesome calling alone, and a somewhat grim fancy that he would let play about it in moments of relaxation, that made him a centre of interest; in his own way he was a character with an individuality of his own.

From the sobriquet one might have jumped to a mistaken conclusion about Jack the Fisherman; he was a fisher of men—dead men; and, considering that he only got five shillings for each body that he recovered and notified to the Thames Police, it was somewhat surprising how much money he was able to fling about at The Three Cranes.

Even strangers, impelled by a certain morbid curiosity,

(*Continued on page 167.*)

"The Quests of Paul Beck," by M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C., in the ROYAL MAGAZINE, seem to get more and more fascinating. In the September number Paul Beck exposes a gambling swindle on an ocean liner.

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THE REMEDY

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"The fishman with the fish" on every package assures the genuine SCOTT'S.

THE REASON WHY SHE IS NEVER ILL: The intense nourishing power of Scott's, that is all: Scott's is made of the purest and strongest cod liver oil which the world produces and money can buy. This pure oil is made so digestible by the unique Scott process that the tenderest little patient can digest it with ease—and enjoy it too.

Test this. Send 3d. for postage on a free sample bottle, to SCOTT & BOWNE, LTD., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

Scott's Emulsion

THINGS A . . . WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL. . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Blackberry Jelly.

Put the unstalked fruit in a preserving pan and place on the fire: stir constantly and boil for about ten minutes. Strain and press the fruit and to every pint of juice allow a pound of sugar. Put the juice on to boil, skim well, and when free from scum add the sugar. Stir till the syrup jellies, and pot for use.—(*Reply to* AVONWITCH.)

Mulberry Wine.

Gather the fruit on a fine, dry day, when it is quite ripe. To every pound of mulberries add one gallon of water. Let them stand for twenty-four hours, and then squeeze through a sieve. Measure again and to every gallon of liquor add three pounds of sugar. When the sugar is quite dissolved, place the liquor in a cask. Let the bung rest lightly in the hole, till the fermentation has ceased; then bung tightly and bottle as soon as it is clear. In bottling put three cloves and a lump of sugar into each bottle. Wine should be made in a hot season, when the fruit is fully matured. Keep the wine for two or three years before using.

Pickled Cucumbers.

Procure small cucumbers, as near a size as possible, being careful that they are freshly gathered. Make a strong brine of salt and water and when boiling pour it over the cucumbers. Cover closely and let it stand all night. Next morning place the cucumbers on a sieve to drain and then dry carefully with a cloth. Make a pickle of sufficient vinegar, to which add some whole ginger, peppercorns, and a clove or two of garlic. When this boils add the cucumbers, etc. Put on the saucepan lid and boil fast for a few moments. Place the pickles in wide mouthed bottles, cork, and tie down.—(*Reply to* LEAWOOD.)

Plum Pickle.

Take six pounds of the long blue autumn plums, the last to come on the market. Rub each with a cloth and prick in several places with a coarse needle. Boil one quart of vinegar for twenty minutes with one pound of sugar, a dessert-spoonful of cloves, five blades of mace, and three-quarters of an ounce of cinnamon. Strain the vinegar and whilst still very hot pour it over the plums and stand for twenty-four hours. Next day boil the vinegar and again pour it over the fruit. Put all over the fire to simmer for a few minutes, until the plums are tender and cracked, but retaining their shape. Place the pickle in well-dried jars and tie down with bladder while warm. If you wish this pickle to be hot, tie a few chillies in a piece of muslin and boil in the vinegar. (*Reply to* KINSLEY.)

A SIMPLE SUMMER FROCK.

If linen has a rival, it is, most decidedly, to be found in crash. And it was of crash that the pretty little dress (No. 17093) our artist has designed for a four to six year old girlie was made. But the particular frock in question was to be worn by a child with plenty of colour, and eyes the blue of which would be accentuated by the tiny beading of dark blue round the collar and cuffs. The embroidery used as a trimming was of pure white, and that did much to prevent a drab effect.

No. 17093. Paper Pattern, 6½d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Our pattern is suitable for any cotton goods, however, and in the event of your catering for a child who is at all pale, you will do well to resort to one of the pastel shades of linen, mindful the while that butcher blue is almost universally becoming (especially when trimmed with white) and does not soil easily.

The back and front of this little frock are lined, but the sleeve is not, so you can reckon on half a yard of longcloth or sateen furnishing an adequate foundation. From neck to hem, the dress is cut in one, and the fastening occurs between the pleats on the left side of the front. For that reason separate paper patterns are provided of the right and left fronts of the garment.

If you cannot manage to get facings for the collar and cuffs from the cuttings, duplicate them in other material. They must be composed of two thicknesses to set satisfactorily.

THE CHILDREN'S TOYS.

WITHIN the last forty or fifty years toy making, as every middle-aged person knows, has been revolutionised. Gone are the simple delights of past generations; even the speaking doll, which was once a wonder sufficient to attract all the neighbours, is now a mere commonplace.

The rich may pay £20 or more for dolls for their children, and mechanical toys are built on so vast a style that the boys of millionaires, should their fathers suddenly become poor, might hang out signs and go into trade with no other equipments than that of the toy shop.

Yet, after all, the marvels of the toy shops of to-day are only old friends grown elegant and prosperous. A doll is a doll, and a wagon is a wagon, even though many pounds may separate them from their ancestors of fifty years ago.

You may change toys, but children remain the same.

Pharaoh, in a soft moment, ordered for his little ones just the same sort of toys that now fill the shops. For certain toys are the divine right of childhood, and children make them for themselves if they can't have them otherwise; so parents, since the world began, have been helping the little ones to fashion what their hearts desired.

Toys may come and toys may go, but a few stay on for ever. A girl will have her doll and a boy will have his weapons and his boats, while both cry out for wagons and carriages and animals. These are the staple toys, which always have been and always will be until children are born grown up.

Excavations show that the children of ancient Egypt played with them just as do those of to-day.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

For Cramp or Pains in the Stomach,

Try a few drops of essence of camphor.

When Your Jam does not Jelly,

Either you have not pure cane sugar, or it is insufficiently boiled. Beetroot sugar is often sold for preserving, but I always avoid it on account of its not making jelly. (*Reply to* MRS. BOWLES.)

Those who have large Coal Cellars

Should lay in a store at once while it is at summer prices, and part of the usual winter coal bill will be saved. Use coal and slack together as far as possible, damping the latter and putting it on to a strong fire.

For a Toilet Powder

Proceed as follows: Take three ounces each of fuller's earth, starch and rice flour, dry the ingredients, crush very fine. Mix and pass all through a fine wire sieve. To scent this add a little powdered orris root, or a few drops of some scent essence.

To Preserve Small Tomatoes Whole,

Gather the tomatoes when perfectly dry, selecting only those that are perfectly ripe. Pack these lightly in jars, then entirely cover with vinegar and water in equal parts, adding a few cloves and just a sprinkling of brown sugar. Cover each jar with a piece of flannel, which should sink into the vinegar, then tie over with bladder. (*Reply to* NEWNHAM.)

An Unrivalled Cosmetic.

Wash the face thoroughly with soap lathered in your hands, dry it carefully, and then bathe it with an infusion of horseradish prepared in this way: Scrape and wash well some horseradish roots, cut about half an ounce into very thin slices, and pour over it one pint of boiling milk, cover it close and leave to infuse until cold. Strain this with pressure and it will be ready to be used. (*Reply to* NOMAD.)

To Clean a White Kid Belt.

Get some motor spirit and commence operations by putting a table out of doors in the shade. Have some clean rags and a thick white cloth to cover the table. Put some spirit in a basin, and into it put the belt; let this soak for a few minutes, then rub it and rinse in the spirit. Put the belt on the cloth and with pieces of rag rub off the dirt, always working in one direction, and constantly changing the surface of the rag. Rinse again in clean spirit, and, with fresh rags, rub again till the surface is perfectly clean. Hang in the air to dry, and your belt should look perfectly clean. (*Reply to* SUSIE.)

NO PAST IS DEAD (*continued from page 164.*)

sometimes came to this old riverside inn to get a glimpse of the red fisherman. There was one stranger in particular who had lately fallen into the habit of dropping in, who seemed to like to listen to the rather grisly professional reminiscences that Jack told with such relish, though he would shudder at them. A man in a seafaring garb, whose hands somehow looked too white and delicate to have done much rough work with them of the kind one would have expected from his clothes, and his voice sometimes dropped into a softer and more refined accent than was usually heard in the Three Cranes.

"I heard as that bloke with the white 'ands like a woman's went out with the Fisherman last night," the landlord remarked one day.

It was not the only occasion that this man of the white, womanish hands, and the apparently morbid taste, went out with Jack the Fisherman. Night after night he accompanied the red-bearded man on these grim expeditions; he could not have been very good company for Jack, for he was strangely silent and taciturn; he sat in the stern, scarcely speaking.

The tide was running swiftly under the dark arches of the bridges towards the sea; its low incessant lapping about the supports of piers and wharves, and the stone buttresses of London Bridge, towering above them, blotting out the sky, could be heard like the querulous voice of a sick man breaking the death-like stillness.

A galley of the Thames Police, patrolling their "beat" for river thieves, shot out from the darkness and hailed them, then, recognising Jack the Fisherman, glided past; it was curious how startled the man with the white hands seemed as the police-galley approached them.

An exclamation suddenly broke from the man with the oars. He took a couple of powerful strokes, and the boat's nose suddenly shot out towards mid-stream.

"Get your line ready, mate!" he cried. "Quick!" And he pointed

It was a coil of rope with a grappling-hook that the man in the stern had charge of. As the hurried command reached him he fumbled helplessly, his eyes riveted in horror on the thing that had once been a man that was spinning round and round in horrible fashion in a swirling eddy of the river hurrying its drift down-stream.

"Quick, man!"

Then impatiently Jack hastily shipped an oar, and snatched line and hook from the other's trembling hands and flung it out. Missed his object, and with an imprecation drew in, then flung it out again. The other man shut his eyes tightly.

"You ain't used to this, mate," laughed the red fisherman to his white-faced companion. He was drawing the line in steadily, with that nameless thing at the end.

"It—it upset me for a minute," faltered the other. He took a stiff pull at a flask he carried. "I shall be all right in a minute"—but his quavering voice belied the words. "Is—is it——"

"Was a man once," said the fisherman briefly. The dreadful thing at the end of the line came to the side of the boat. "Been in the water a good spell, too," he added.

The other man took one brief shuddering glance, then turned away looking sick and faint. The face was barely recognisable as such. The fisherman laughed.

Jack had already made examination of the pockets where the dead man might conceivably have carried money.

He turned the boat and pulled swiftly towards one of the floating stations of the Thames Police to notify his find and claim the reward.

"You'll have to lend us a hand with it, mate," the fisherman said, as they pulled alongside. "Take a nip o' whisky first if you're squeamish."

But this the other man seemed incapable of doing, and the red-bearded giant made a little pleasantry about it to the inspector on board—a joke that broke off abruptly, as Fisherman Jack's eyes fell on something that seemed to take him utterly by surprise. It was the gleam of a gold ring on the dead man's hand.

"I could have swore positive he hadn't a ring on his finger when I got him out of the water," he muttered to himself, and a chagrined look came into his face. It went against all his principles to have let that prize slip.

And he suddenly glanced suspiciously at his companion, as though an odd fancy had suddenly crossed his mind.

The man with the white hands seemed shaken and unnerved as he stood on the deck of the floating police-station.

"I—I think I'll get on shore, Jack," he said curtly to his late companion. And without another word crossed unsteadily along the gangway to dry land. The red-bearded man got back into his tub alone.

"Now, if that wasn't as curious a thing as I remember!" the latter muttered to himself. "How did that ring get on the dead man's finger? For if it were there when we drawed it out o' the water, how did I come to miss it?" he meditated as he rowed. "I must ask that stranger-bloke a question when I sees him next!"

But that question was never asked.

For the stranger with the white hands who had visited The Three Cranes so frequently of late quite as abruptly discontinued his visits. The landlord never saw him again.

(Another instalment next week.)

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

For the BEST LIST of

Seaside and Country Apartments

always look in the

Daily Express

London's Great Halfpenny Morning Newspaper

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

A beautiful gem looks best in a fine setting, and just as no magazine covers are so attractive as those which adorn the ROYAL MAGAZINE, so no inside matter is so well worth its price.

This Will Stop Him.

"THERE is a chap in my office," writes PEN, "who has got a habit that annoys me very much. He is always saying, 'You *are* an ass' or 'You *are* an idiot.' Usually, it is only said in a sort of fun, but it makes people laugh, and I don't like it. What ought I to say in reply?"————The fatal reply, PEN, is to say: "So are you." That simply shows you are angry and really makes you look foolish. The habit of saying, "You *are* an ass," or "You *are* an idiot," is very common, and a retort that simply dumfounds the speaker is to reply brightly, "Yes, *aren't* I!" it staggers him completely, and, if anybody is by to hear, the laugh will be entirely on your side.

A Horsey Riddle.

H. H. B. (Northampton) writes to ask if I could say whether a white farm horse is protected from the rays of the sun, and is consequently cooler than a dark horse.————This is like the riddle of the Sphinx in an up-to-date form, and at first one is disposed to think the best way of arriving at the answer would be to ask the white horse if this is hot enough for him. My correspondent has doubtless felt cooler in his white cricketing flannels than in his frock-coat, and he has come to the conclusion that a horse that is white all the time must really be very lucky in hot weather. If, however, he wore his cricket flannels as tightly round him as a well-intentioned horse usually wears its skin, he would probably find that he would derive very little advantage from their being white. White surfaces do not attract heat so readily as darker ones, and where, as in the case of loose clothing, the air circulates between the garment and the skin, an agreeable coolness usually results. But I would not like to speak positively about that white horse until I had seen his tongue and taken his temperature, and had ascertained whether or not his skin was really good and tight-fitting.

A Matter of Upbringing.

I AM asked if I can account for the fact that men who work their way up in any trade or profession to the position of master are usually more exacting towards their employees than the man who commenced as a boss. It appears that if you ask a soldier or a sailor which he prefers, a "gentleman" officer or an ex-ranker, he will reply in favour of the "gentleman."————I presume the reason is that, as a general rule, the man who has been through the mill himself is likely to be more thoroughly informed as to details than the "gentleman" who only knows the details second-hand. And then, again, a gentleman cannot usually help being a—gentleman. That is, considerate for the feelings of other people; and he has a natural reluctance to order other people to do what he would not be too ready to do himself. People who rise from the ranks do not always use their new position with prudence or discretion, and the trouble appears to have been pretty much the same in Shakespeare's time, as the well-known lines in *Measure for Measure* bear witness: "Man, proud man, Drest in a little brief authority . . . . plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven, as make the angels weep."

A Question of Partners.

J. M. D. has a mild grievance against social customs. When playing croquet or bridge and other games of a social kind, he would much prefer to have his wife for a partner; but in his own house he recognises that it is his duty, as host, to select some other lady, and when playing at other houses he must accept the lady assigned to him by his hostess. He now writes to ask how I would manage.————I don't think I would have to manage, this being one of the walks of life that are managed for us. It is based partly on the assumption that—especially where card-playing is concerned—husbands and wives are so familiar with each other's methods that their partnership might give them an unfair advantage over their opponents. And then, again, many couples are not so happily situated as Mr. and Mrs. J. M. D., and if they had to always accept each other as partners out of doors as well as at home they would feel horribly bored. One of the purposes of social intercourse is to provide us with a greater variety of interests, and this purpose would be defeated if it brought no change to the conditions that prevail in our own homes. And though Mr. and Mrs. J. M. D. would apparently be quite satisfied under these circumstances, the majority of married couples would certainly object. Indeed, it might almost lead to a mass meeting in Trafalgar Square, and J. M. D. wouldn't like to provoke a disaster of that kind, I'm sure.

Are You a Street Reader?

H. F. H. (Preston) wants to know if I think it is incorrect for a man to read while he is walking through the streets. His home is ten minutes' walk from his office, and he utilises the time by reading as he goes, in spite of the opinion of his friends that the street is no place for reading.————I think your friends are right. The man who reads while walking along the street is a jolly nuisance, and several other angry words besides. Whether he is aware of it or not, the other passengers usually have to make a special effort to avoid colliding with him, if his mind is at all concentrated on his reading. If he has one eye on his book and the other on the look out, so to speak, his reading can't be doing him much good, and might be more profitably deferred till it can be properly digested. It is good to snatch moments here and there for reading and study; but there is also the faculty of observation to be trained as well. And that ten minutes could be just as profitably employed in a study of the practical lessons afforded by streets, sounds, and scenes, and the people who are incidental to them.

The Pork-eating Champion.

A. C. L. (Hampton Hill) writes to say that he knew an old gentleman in Kent who was very fond of pork, and, being apparently a statistician, A. C. L. questioned the old gentleman as to his average consumption of this class of meat. The conclusion that he came to was that his friend, who died at the age of eighty-two, had, during his lifetime, eaten seventy-seven "ten-score" hogs. A. C. L. wishes to know if any reader can tell me of another instance of a pork-eater to beat this. He also informs me that "some say pork causes cancer."————This is an age of records, and I am not surprised to hear that pork-eating should have been inadvertently roped in with the rest. I should fancy, however, that one needs a special kind of constitution to be able to assimilate pork on such an extensive scale, and A. C. L.'s friend may well be considered to have won the cup for this branch of sport. I am not at all surprised to hear that "some say pork causes cancer," because the cause of cancer is not at present known to science, and some people will say anything. The notion probably arises from the fact that pork is especially liable to develop the parasite that causes trichinosis, a dangerous and often fatal complaint.

The Exclusive Nose.

A. H. B. (Bristol) is a delightfully frank correspondent. In a recent issue I expressed the opinion that the craze for breathing exclusively through the nose has been a good deal overdone. A. H. B. desires to say emphatically that my view is "all tommy rot."————A fine, definite statement like that clears the air at once. We know where we are, as you might say. Whenever A. H. B. meets anyone suffering from asthma or other bronchial complaint, he takes notice of the patient's method of breathing. "Invariably, it is through the mouth." There you are. What more evidence could anyone want? It is true, as A. H. B. says, that some people assert that it is the complaint itself that deprives asthmatic people of the proper use of their noses; but A. H. B. is not going to be put off by any shuffling of that kind. He maintains that in most cases it was the breathing through the mouth that caused the complaint, and, as a final clincher to the debate, he adds: "*Always* breathe through the nose." I think it would be rather interesting to hear my correspondent conducting a conversation of any length, and breathing exclusively through his nose at the same time. It seems to me that his remarks, to say the least, would be rather choppy. Nose-breathing is like many other habits, very good in moderation, but its "exclusive" adoption would be an accomplishment extremely difficult to acquire. I think advocates of the craze would do better to send a trifle to the Fresh Air Fund, and then they could feel satisfied that even if the children do breathe through their mouths, they are on the safe side for once, anyhow.

Heroine to Two Hundred.

IN these days of musical prodigies one is accustomed to finding children famous at a very early age; but I venture to think that Miss Muriel Blackie, of Leeds, may lay claim to a quite unique distinction. Although only five years old, she has collected for the Fresh Air Fund no less a sum than £8 2s., and on August 15th 200 children from the poorer districts of the city were sent for a happy day in the country. It was known as "The Muriel Blackie Day," and amongst all the outings in the history of the F.A.F. there has never been a cheerier or more successful one. It is wonderful indeed to think that a tiny girl of five years old should have been able to give so much happiness to her less fortunate little brothers and sisters. I am afraid her example must make some of us feel just a trifle ashamed of ourselves. It's never too late to mend, however, and I do hope that some of those who have not yet helped us will be moved by Muriel's splendid effort to keep the ball rolling. Remember that it only costs ninepence to take one child for a whole day amongst the green fields. Surely you can do for one child what a little girl of five managed to do for 200.

Fresh Air Fund Special Days.

AUGUST 15th, "Muriel Blackie's Day," in Leeds; August 15th, "New Zealand Day"; August 16th, "S. J. Beckford's Day"; August 19th, "T. W. Mayo's Day"; August 21st, "Beryl and Frank's Day"; August 28th, "Cyril's Party"; September 2nd, "Mary and Alexia Day."

Fresh Air Fund Figures.

Amounts previously acknowledged, £2,701 12s. 4½d.

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494 Claims already paid, including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** of **£2,000** each—not for one only. **£2,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not *by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature...

Available from 8 p.m., Thursday, August 22nd, 1907, until midnight, Friday, August 30th, 1907.

COMING HOLIDAYS, 1907-8.		AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
Christmas Day	December 25.	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29
Boxing Day	December 26.	M 5 12 19 26	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30
Good Friday	April 17.	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31
Easter Monday	April 20.	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25
Whitsun Monday	June 8.	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26
Bank Holiday	August 3.	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 6 13 20 27
		S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28

Lighting Up Time for this Week.		
Aug.	23	8.8
"	24	8.5
"	25	8.3
"	26	8.1
"	27	7.59
"	28	7.57
"	29	7.55

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